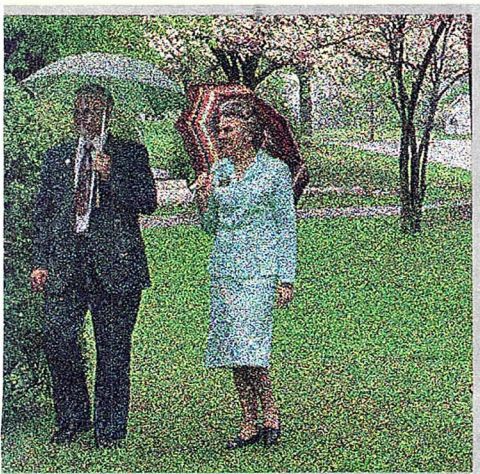


AUGUST 1981

MISSIONARY
COUPLES
EMPHASIS—
SEE “WE HOPE
THEY CALL US
ON A
MISSION!”

PAGE 6





Miracle of the Gulls, by Minerva Teichert.

ENSIGN

THE ENSIGN OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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Inside front cover: *Miracle of the Gulls*, by Minerva Teichert, 40" by 46", oil on canvas. Located in the Church Historical Department.

Inside back cover: *West Face of Mt. Timpanogas*, by Al Rounds, 19" by 28", watercolor. Located in the Church Historical Department.

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Trusting the Lord's Promise

By President N. Eldon Tanner
First Counselor in the First Presidency

One hundred forty-eight years ago a revelation from God was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith. At that time few could understand the reasons for many of the restrictions placed upon them in the matter of their dietary and health habits. As a result, I am sure there were many who did not choose to observe what came to be known as the Word of Wisdom.

On the other hand, there were others who, because of their faith and their desire to be obedient to the word of the Lord, accepted and heeded the counsel and instruction.

I have always felt that the promise given in the last four verses of this revelation (found in section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants) is one of the most glorious promises that the Lord has pronounced for our benefit. Let me remind us all of the great blessings he has promised:

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, *walking in obedience to the commandments*, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones;

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them." (D&C 89:18-21; italics added.)

Too often we think of the promise as pertaining only to observance of the Word of Wisdom, but if you will note the phrase in the first sentence, it states, "*walking in obedience to the commandments*," which means that we observe not only the counsel in *this* revelation, but keep the other com-

mandments in order to obtain the promise.

This revelation has such far-reaching effects on so many aspects of our lives, and on the social behavior of those in our communities, that I firmly believe most of the ills of society today could be cured by the acceptance and observance of the Word of Wisdom.

Consider, if you will, the spiritual, moral, physical, and economic problems caused by the use of tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol. Evidence is continually surfacing to show the harmful effects of these substances, not only on the user, but also on the unborn fetus. I need not go into detail about how much money we spend on welfare services, lawsuits, and other legal fees, as well as on vandalism, cigarette-related fires, and restoration of public and private property caused by the use of drugs, tobacco, and alcohol.

How fortunate we are to belong to a church with a prophet to guide us who receives direction from our Heavenly Father! Throughout the ages God has revealed his will to man through his prophets, and when the people have followed the prophet, they have been blessed and prospered. We should be grateful for the principle of revelation and accept the word of the Lord without having to wait for science to prove its truthfulness.

Parental example is the greatest method of teaching youth what they must do to gain the promised blessings from the Lord. Young people are most fortunate if they live in a home where parents teach and observe the Word of Wisdom. They must carefully consider the consequences and the effect their teaching and example will have on the children who have been entrusted to their care.

No one would knowingly go into his garden or





"All saints who remember to keep and do these sayings . . . shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." (D&C 89:18, 20.)

a forest of beautiful trees and pour a mixture of poisons at the roots of flowers or shrubs or other growth which have been cultivated for our pleasure. Yet there are those who make no effort to stop, but actually assist in getting people to use the habit-forming substances which eventually poison the bodies and minds of those who indulge, causing many forms of illness, and even death.

A while ago a bishop called me from California to make an appointment to bring in a young man from his ward who was involved with a group whose conduct and morals were anything but what they should have been to foster good health and happiness and respect. The bishop felt I could help the young man make the necessary changes in his life to get back into the mainstream of society. We made an appointment.

They came in just after a general conference session one day. The long hair, dress, and general appearance of the young man left no doubt about his life-style. I asked him to tell me his story.

Briefly, this is what he said:

"I am a returned missionary and a married man with a child; and here I am—a hippie, a drug addict, and guilty of many misdemeanors and even felonies. I am most unhappy. This is not what I want."

I asked him how it was that a man with his background ever got mixed up with this life-style. He said that one day when he was feeling despondent and discouraged, he decided that he wanted to be free, that he did not want to be bound by any traditions or Church restrictions in any way. In a spirit of rebellion, he went out one day with some fellows who took drugs—and then he said: "Here I am. Instead of being free, I'm a

slave. In a way I am a fugitive. I wish you could help me. I just don't know what to do."

Before he left he assured me that he would cut his hair and clean up and break away from these people, and that he would turn himself over to the law and do all he could to repent and live as he should. The following is from a letter written by him after he returned to California:

"Dear President Tanner, I pray that you will know the true feelings of my heart at this time. I now live my life inside prison walls. It is my desire that others do not fall into the hands of Satan, as I did. If relating my experiences to other young people like myself can be of some worth in their lives, this is my hope. . . . I'm thankful that I was blessed with a bishop who has been my closest friend through all my trials. I'm grateful for your interest, President Tanner."

I use this young man as an example to show that his background should have given him the strength to resist or overcome, and it shows how dangerous it is for a man like him, let alone a youth without such background, to even associate with those who tamper with drugs. We must all be alert for the signs of discouragement and despondency which could trigger the despair leading to the wrong associations and resulting in the wrong habits. We must make opportunity to show our love and interest and concern for our neighbors, whoever they may be.

For the person who says, as did this young man, that he wants freedom from responsibility, to be able to do as he wishes, and that it is his life to live and nobody's business what he does, let me quote from a verse which appeared in the *Daily Universe*, 3 July 1975, courtesy Robert D. Bailey,



Director of Safety, IML Freight, Inc. It was titled "Nobody's Business":

*It's nobody's business what I drink!
I care not what the neighbors think,
Or how many laws they choose to pass!
I'll tell the world I'll have my glass!
Here's one man's freedom that can't be curbed,
My right to drink is undisturbed.*

*So he drank in spite of law or man,
Then got into his old tin can;
Stepped on the gas and let it go,
Down the highway to and fro.
He took the curves at fifty miles
With bleary eyes and drunken smile.*

*Not long till a car he tried to pass;
There was a crash, a scream and breaking glass.
The other car was upside down,
About two miles from the nearest town.*

*The man was clear but his wife was caught,
And she needed the help of that drunken sot,
Who sat in a maudlin, drunken daze,
And heard the scream and saw the blaze,
But was too far gone to save a life,
By lifting the car from off the wife.*

*The car was burned, and the mother died,
While a husband wept and baby cried,
And a drunk sat by—and still some think
It's nobody's business what they drink!*

It is very difficult with all the glamorous advertising we see about the so-called fun and sociability involved with smoking and drinking to get our own message across that these habits will lead to poor health and premature death. We see people all around us drinking and smoking—men and women who are leading citizens. Young people see it in their homes with no evident ill effects. They see it advertised in all the popular magazines, in the daily press, on every television set, in many movies, on billboards, and over the radio.

These advertisements are shown with well-dressed, healthy-looking, successful businessmen with big cars and fine offices, with young men and women engaged in all kinds of sports, attending socials, standing around with a cigarette in one

hand and a glass in the other, all seeming to have a good time.

The ads never show a man or woman nursing a bad headache the morning after, nor do they show the crumpled cars, the mangled bodies, the broken homes, or men lying in the gutter. They do not show a man facing a doctor who has just told him he has cancer of the throat or lungs, nor do they show an emphysema victim in the hospital being fed with a tube through the nostril because he cannot swallow.

It is no accident that there is less incidence of cancer and fewer cancer deaths in heavily populated Latter-day Saint areas or where the use of those things forbidden by the Word of Wisdom is curtailed. Surely the Lord gave a revelation and a promise for the benefit and blessing of his children.

Recent events in the field of athletics have brought favorable publicity to the Church and its people, to the extent of referring to our members who have been involved as wholesome, clean-cut young people who are a credit to their church and the various sports in which they have participated.

May they and we continue to stand for physical, mental, and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom and receive the blessings predicated upon obedience to the word of the Lord. □

Ideas for Home Teachers

1. Relate a personal experience about the blessings of obeying the Word of Wisdom. Ask family members to share feelings or experiences they've had.
2. Are there some scriptural verses in this article that the family might read aloud, or some supplemental scripture you desire to read with them?
3. President Tanner says, "We must all be alert for the signs of discouragement and despondency which could trigger the despair leading to the wrong associations and resulting in the wrong habits." What are some of these signs? What can family members do when they see these signs in others?
4. Discuss ways family members can prepare themselves to always obey the Word of Wisdom.
5. Would this discussion be better after a pre-visit chat with the head of the house? Is there a message from the quorum leader or bishop to the household head concerning the Word of Wisdom?



An Act of Love

By Evelyn Richwine

*Among the tall pines
that stretch their branches
high into the mountain's waiting sky*

*Multitudes of birds
take a moment's rest from flight
to part the air with song.*

*A squirrel chatters,
A lizard scales a sun-drenched rock.
An insect buzzes near my ear.*

*How I love this earth,
this mountain top,
this joy in being free!*

*Although the sky
is blue as bachelor buttons
on a clear, warm day,*

*And tiny puffs of clouds
stay overhead
just long enough to smile,*

*You send a gentle rain, a penny's worth,
to let me know
You love it too.*

The Might- Have- Been Convert

By Gail
Christensen

*Forgive me
If it was my lack
Of understanding
That barred you
From the truth.*

*Thinking that I
Could reason
Rather than love
A friend
Into a testimony,
Was one of the
Follies
Of my youth.*

At a Roadside Table

By Alda L. Brown

*They came
grimy, hungry, worn —
shedding work gloves, hard hats,
orange vests —and dropped down heavily
at a near-by table.*

*With surprising neatness
they unloaded black
lunch buckets, carefully spreading
napkins and placing food in
precise eating order.*

*Then, as if by one accord,
heads lifted, all eyes met . . .
heads bowed . . .
and while traffic roared relentlessly by,
one offered a sincere and prolonged
word of prayer —thanking the Lord
for all blessings of the day
and for food prepared by loving hands.*

*I, who until then, had looked on
in silent amusement
suddenly felt a tightening
in my throat
and a wetness
on my cheeks.*

Missionary

By Donnell Hunter

*Like Samuel loaned then given back, my son,
I thank our Father for these first few years,
knowing even now when you return
your stay will not be long until you range
in wider orbits chosen for your own,
intersecting Kolob in your flight.
Yet, even if I could, I would not change
the plan. What you see at parting, these tears
I brush back from my cheek, are tears of joy.
We taught each other: surely parents learn
much more than they can ever teach a boy.
Eternal tones of Love, familiar voices,
call us gently somewhere from the darkness,
whispering through an ancient temple night.*



"We Hope They Call Us on a Mission!"

By Elder Jacob de Jager
Of the First Quorum of the Seventy

We have in the Church a heritage of missionary service given by faithful, worthy young men when they turn nineteen. How did we ever establish such a legacy? Partly by teaching them from a very early age to sing at home and in Primary:

*I hope they call me on a mission
When I have grown a foot or two.
I hope by then I will be ready
To teach and preach and work as
missionaries do.
(Sing with Me, p. B-75.)*

Why don't older couples serve missions in the numbers that President Kimball is asking for? Maybe it's because they don't sing that song! During recent stake conferences I have asked older couples to stand and sing with me: "We hope they call us on a mission/ Perhaps within a month or two/ We hope by then we will be ready/ To teach and preach and work as missionaries do."

Just as we have a tradition of young men serving, we need to establish a tradition of older

couples serving missions.

President Spencer W. Kimball has repeatedly asked for more missionary couples. In 1974 he said: "We should keep alert to find men and their wives who are young enough and yet who are free enough and capable enough to possibly precede young missionaries into new fields. Sometimes people with greater maturity may do an unbelievable work in opening up the program. There are many people in the Church who are ready for sacrifice." (Regional Representatives seminar, 3 Oct. 1974.)

In 1977 he said: "We need many older couples, who, in general, are retired and have reared their families. There is a great work for them to do as official missionaries. . . .

"Many of us sit in luxury and wealth while neighbors and friends and relatives are anxiously or unconsciously waiting for the gospel message.

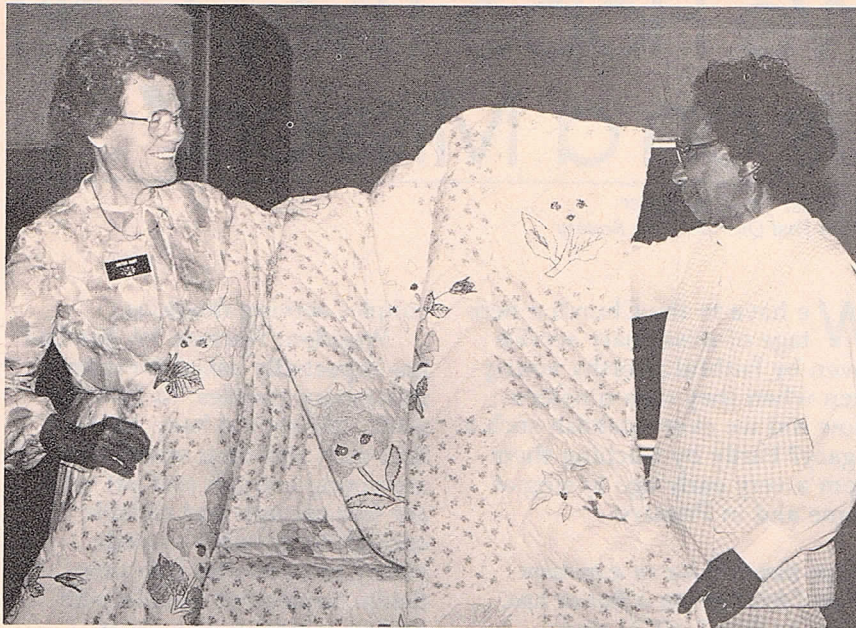
"Many of our good people have reared their families and settled down in advancing years



Right: Elder Edwin J. and Sister Cleora Arnell of Roy, Utah, teach family preparedness to a family in File Hills Branch, Balcarres, Saskatchewan.

Left: Elder Clifford B. and Sister Nella Watts, of Chico, California, help build a chapel for Wagner Branch, South Dakota Rapid City Mission.





Top: Sister Irma S. Hunt of Wendell, Idaho, helps Hassie Glee, an investigator in Madison, Florida, hold up the quilt she has learned to make.

Center: Elder Charles H. and Sister Elaine Jaten of Spokane, Washington, now serving as office staff in the South Dakota Rapid City Mission. Here she types letters while he labels mission newsletters. Elder Eldon V. and Sister June W. Orton of North Ogden, Utah, also serve as office staff in the South Dakota Rapid City Mission. "I feel that I have a very fine mission office staff," says Morris Q. Bastian, mission president. "These two couples are highly trained and skilled people. They add dignity and help project the kind of maturity that dignifies the image of the mission office staff because of their professional and businesslike approach."

Below: Elder Glen and Sister Fern H. Murdock of West Jordan, Utah, share mission tips with Tim Ash, a local member. They are in the Kentucky Louisville Mission.



According to the Missionary Department, many couples would like to serve in visitors' centers because "that's where couples were first used extensively. But couples are now starting to realize that visitors' centers are only one of many possible assignments: public communications, leadership / member work, genealogy, education, temple officiators, welfare services, mission office staffs, international missions, and, of course, proselyting."

Photography by David Sharples, Cleve Friedman, Nyle Leatham, John Faughender, Elder Kirk Buttle, Elder Kenneth Christensen, Elder Stanley P. Moyle, and Qualitone Studio.



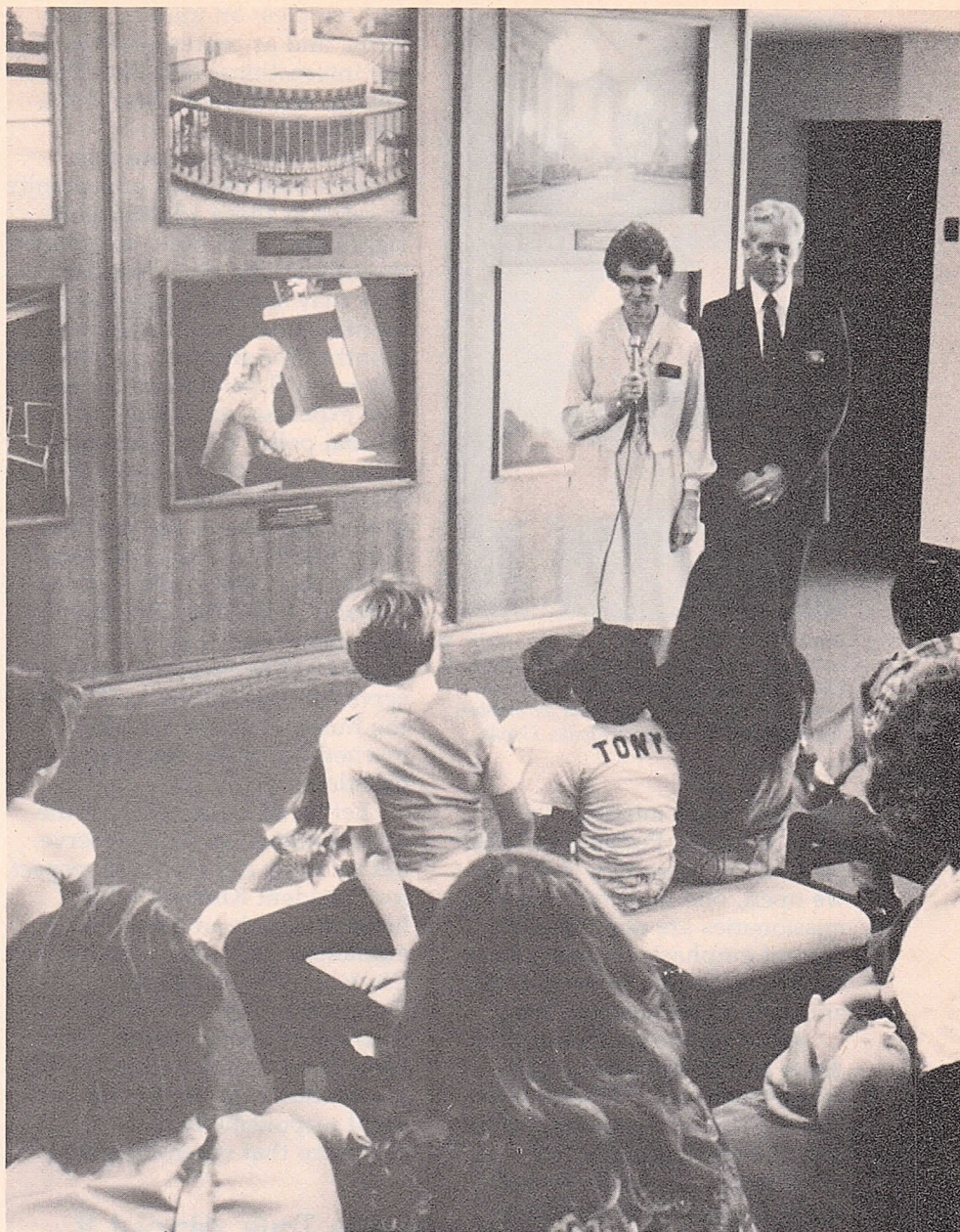
and have relaxed to enjoy life without selflessly sharing it.” (Regional Representatives seminar, 30 Sept. 1977, pp. 11-12.)

In a recent meeting with all of the General Authorities, President Kimball again emphasized the need for an increased number of missionaries.

We all recognize that there is a relationship between the number of missionaries serving and number of convert baptisms worldwide. That’s only logical. And so our first challenge, if we want to do better in missionary work, is to increase the number of missionaries.

In the Church there is a great untapped source of potential missionaries—the reservoir of faithful Latter-day Saint couples in the stakes and missions who can serve the Lord when they come to retirement age. We presently have 28,304 high priests between the ages of sixty and seventy living in the United States and Canada alone. We fully realize that for various reasons some of these high priests cannot go out into the mission field to serve when they become of retirement age. In some cases their companion has passed away or they still have dependent children at home. Some may have impaired health. Some may not have the worldly means to maintain themselves for a certain length of time in the mission field. Some may still be working because they have financial commitments and simply cannot stop working.

But if we assume that a generous seventy percent of that number are unable to serve, when we take a closer look we discover to our amazement that thirty percent of 28,304 is 8,491 couples—16,982 people who could give heed to the challenge of the Prophet today and serve missions! Our current number of approximately one thousand couples would be multiplied *eight* times.



Above: Elder Leon C. and Sister Jean S. Packer of Brigham City, Utah, make a presentation on gospel principles to visitors at the Arizona Temple Visitors' Center in Mesa where Brother Packer is the director.

Currently there are 30,200 missionaries in the field. If we add to that our figure of 16,982 retired members who could serve, the total immediately jumps to 47,182 missionaries. And that's if the number of young men and women remains constant!

Of course, there is also a great need for young elders and lady missionaries. New missions will have to be opened up in countries where we have not preached before or where we are dividing existing missions. If, for example, we open five new missions, we need at least eight



Above: Sister June Johnstun of Filer, Idaho, is currently serving with her husband, David, in the Florida Tallahassee Mission. Here, she teaches a lesson on making bread for members and nonmembers in Crawfordville, Florida.

hundred more missionaries to come forward. People don't realize that for every new mission we open, one hundred and sixty missionaries are needed. Our current emphasis on missionary couples is mainly because they are such a great reserve army.

We are asking all stake presidents and bishops to become "couple-minded." During interviews there are many opportunities to identify prospective missionary couples, especially when they come in for the renewal of a temple recommend. Too often the bishop asks all the questions and gives the recommend, and the people leave without ever talking about the possibility of serving a mission.

In February of this year the First Presidency announced that in addition to proselyting, couples can also receive special missionary assignments in leadership and member work, welfare services, public relations, genealogy, and education. They can also serve in visitors' centers

and temples, on mission office staffs, and as representatives of the International Mission. (For details, see *ENSIGN*, Mar. 1981, pp. 76-77.)

How blessed we are that couples now have an opportunity to serve in these additional assignments. And now, as outlined recently by the First Presidency, they may serve for a period of six months, one year, or eighteen months. For all three options, the Church will handle transportation expenses according to the normal policy for missionaries. (The Church pays all over \$50 of the fare to the MTC, and all over \$100 of the fare to the mission. The Church pays the full return fare for honorably released missionaries.) The First Presidency also mentioned that couples should not be recommended to serve full-time missions if either the husband or the wife has reached his or her seventieth birthday.

Let us all be grateful for the opportunities we have to serve. Let us show our love and respect for President Kimball, who himself is such an outstanding missionary. We sing often in the Church, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." Why? Because he speaks for the Lord. He tells us things to do—but often we don't do them. Our personal responsibility is to recognize that when President

Kimball gives a challenge, it's as if the Lord were speaking. And when the Lord challenges us, we cannot take it lightly.

Undoubtedly the blessings will come. Every night children and grandchildren kneel down and thank God that grandma and grandpa are serving a mission far away from home. Their grandsons will brag about them, and in so doing, they will gain an even stronger commitment to serve a mission. A couple's missionary service will bless the lives of all the family members.

Missionary couples will be examples to both the believers and the unbelievers. Many others may follow where they had the courage to lead.

Couples will come closer to the Savior and their Heavenly Father during their mission. Their relationship with Christ will improve. They will be given increased spiritual strength. For many, a mission will be the crowning experience of a life of service to the Master.

And couples will be closer together than ever before when they are serving in the mission field. Through their special relationship with Christ at that time, their love will increase a hundredfold.

The need is great. The time is short. The challenge is ours. The blessings are many. Let us act now. □

Let's Talk about It

After reading "We Hope They Call Us on a Mission!" individually or as a family, you may wish to discuss some of the following questions during a gospel study period:

1. Why is President Kimball anxious for couples to serve missions?
2. In what ways can "people with greater maturity . . . do an unbelievable work" in expanding the missionary effort?
3. How can an older couple serving a mission be an influence for good on members of their family?
4. What are some of the specific blessings couple missionaries may enjoy as they fill their missions?
5. If you are a couple in a position to serve a mission, what steps do you need to take in order to serve? What kinds of services could you perform in addition to regular proselyting activities?



Couples to Go

By Elder Vaughn J. Featherstone
Of the First Quorum of the Seventy

Some years ago I had an interesting experience that taught me the value of letting couples make their own decisions about whether or not they are in a position to serve as missionaries.

I was stake president and we had asked every ward to find a couple to serve full-time missions. Each ward presented names over a two- or three-month period. One bishop said, "I have been over and over the list of members' names in my ward and we don't have one couple who could serve."

I said, "Would you please go back and fast and pray, and then do not make the decision for a couple—let them make it."

A few weeks later the bishop returned. He said he called in a brother and his wife, knowing full well they could not go. He told the couple what he wanted and the man said, "Bishop, this call is an answer to my patriarchal blessing which says my wife and I will go on a mission to the Lamanite people in our mature years."

There are hosts of wonderful couples who could and should serve the Lord as full-time missionaries. These wonderful, mature missionaries do a marvelous work. Seasoned with wisdom, mature judgment, and experience, they make effective proselyters and are very successful in working with part-member families and inactives. With few exceptions every ward

and branch in the Church has one or more couples who could be called to serve full-time missions. It may not be easy for them—they are not young any more, and disruption is a greater shock than it was when they were younger—but the call will draw them closer to their families through eternity. Every couple who goes will be blessed, and their children and grandchildren will grow up loving the Church because they know that their parents or grandparents loved it enough to accept a mission call from a prophet.

Elder and Sister LeRoy Wilcox were a missionary couple serving in Fredricksburg, Texas, when I was mission president. One day they went to the home of a woman who said: "I have been searching for the true church for ten years. Since I have listened to everyone else, I might as well listen to you." So, she welcomed them in.

Elder and Sister Wilcox taught her the first discussion, but she didn't seem interested. However, as they prepared to leave, Elder Wilcox was impressed to say something he had never said before: "I want you to know that we have come from far, far away to give you this message."

The woman looked startled and said, "How far away?"

He replied that they had come over 1600 miles from Orem, Utah.

The woman explained that a few years ago she had an interesting dream: "A woman appeared to me and told me I would find the true church and that messengers would come to me from far, far away." Because of the dream, her friends and relatives had asked her to let them know when she found the true church because they were certain she would recognize it.

Sometime after that, I spoke in Fredricksburg and there were

only about seventeen in attendance. Two or three months later I was there again, and over thirty-five were in attendance.

Elder and Sister Elmer Foutz were in Eagle Pass, Texas. One day they had an appointment at the home of a wonderful couple, but when they arrived no one was at home. Instead of leaving, however, they received a strong impression that they should stay and wait.

About fifteen minutes later, the couple drove up. The man jumped out, slammed the door, and without acknowledging the Foutzes went around to the back of the house. The woman was crying when she climbed out of the truck. She said that it was interesting that Elder and Sister Foutz had come this particular day, because they had decided to get a divorce.

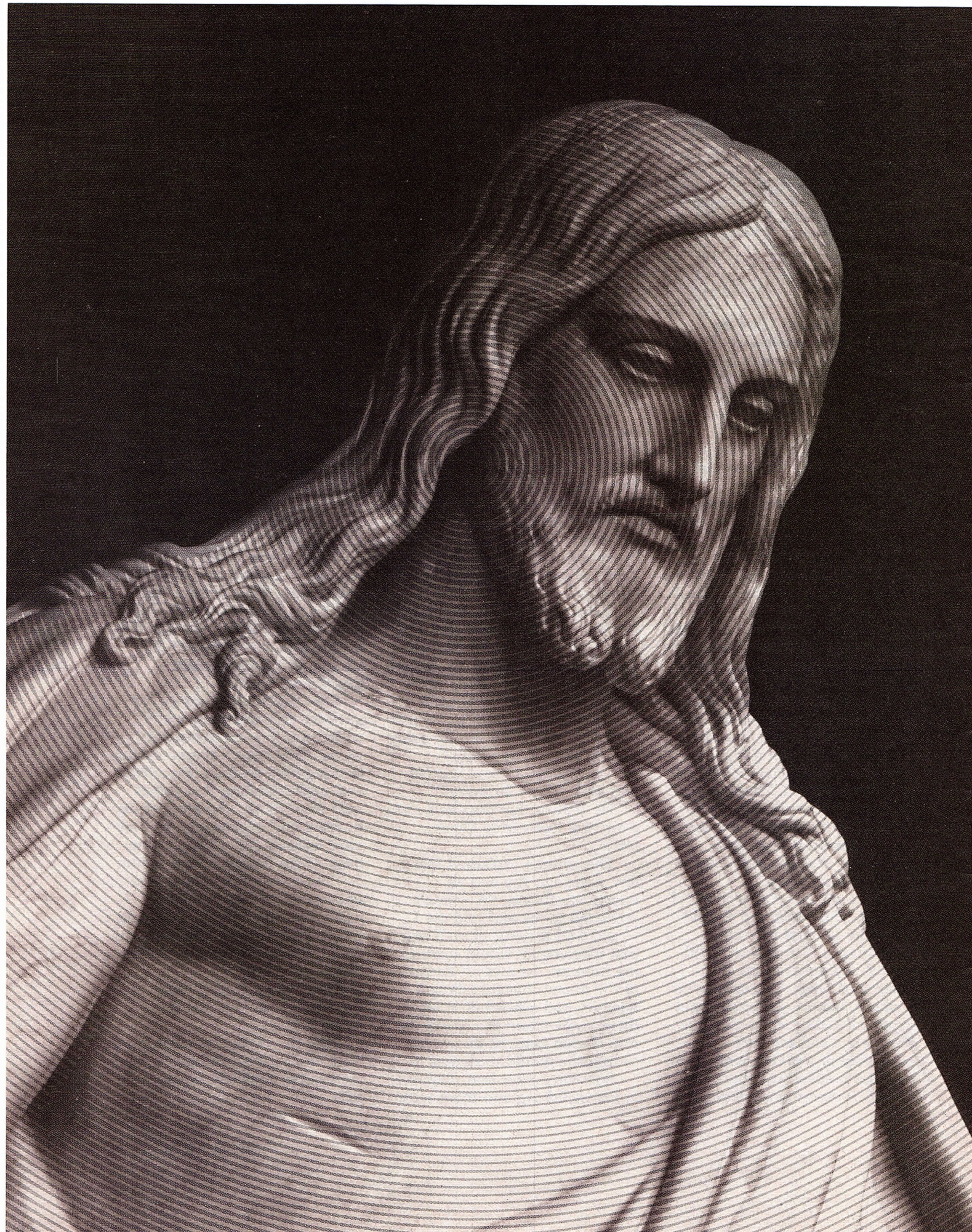
Sister Foutz talked with this woman and comforted her while Elder Foutz went around back and had a discussion with the man. When I left Texas, this fine couple was very involved in Church activities and still together as a family.

Our missionary couples can perform very unique work in addition to regular missionary work. They have a special calling that requires wisdom, experience, and understanding that comes only from those who are mature in years and experience, for they have learned and relearned the truth of the Savior's admonition:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: "But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven . . .

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Matt. 6:19-21.)

May the Lord grant that great hosts of couples will make themselves available for mission calls. □



The Christ-Centered Life

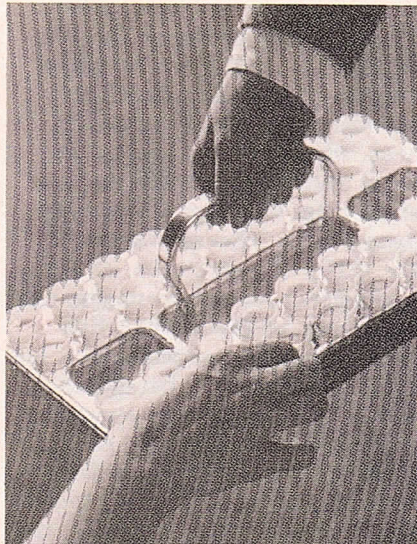
By Elder Neal A. Maxwell
Of the Presidency of the First Quorum of the Seventy

Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the Christ-centered life that makes it so difficult to discuss. Its requirements are actually quite simple: keep his commandments!

To begin with there is the matter of our life's course or direction. In the sixth Lecture on Faith, the Prophet Joseph Smith said we need to know "that the course of life" we are pursuing "is according to the will of God, in order to . . . exercise faith in him unto life and salvation." (In *Lectures on Faith*, comp. N. B. Lundwall, Salt Lake City: N. B. Lundwall, n.d., p. 57.)

Obviously, our imperfections make God's full and final approval of our lives impossible now, but the basic course of our life can be approved. If we have that basic reassurance, we can further develop faith. Once our *direction* is correct, we can give attention to pace.

There are various and specific duties in the "course of life" which go with (and help us to keep) the commandments. These duties are usually quite measurable and are quite familiar. They include partaking of the sacrament, attending meetings and the temple, praying, fasting, studying the scriptures, rendering Christian service, attending to all family duties, being involved in missionary work and reactivation, doing genealogical work, paying our tithes and offerings, and being temporally prepared.



Partaking of the sacrament is an expression of our love of Christ.

These enumerated duties, of course, are not particularly glamorous. Yet they are practical and specific expressions of the keeping of the first two great commandments—love of God and love of neighbor. Writing our personal histories and doing genealogical research, for instance, help us to keep the fifth commandment—honoring father and mother. Such efforts would not guarantee courtesy to parents, but they make discourtesy far less likely.

We are thus not merely "cheerleaders" but are "players" on the field of life, for believing takes the form of doing. Indeed, our lives could not truly be Christ-centered if we shunned the chores of the kingdom!

When we perform these measurable duties properly, they produce a series of highly desirable results which are less measurable but very real. Indeed, when we have personal, reinforcing spiritual experiences, they will almost always occur in the course of our carrying out the duties just named. Further, carrying out these duties will entitle us to an ever-increasing companionship of the Holy Ghost. And when we have the Spirit with us, it means we have achieved significant Christocentricity in our lives, for we cannot be close to one member of the Godhead without being close to all three!

It is significant that when President Brigham Young had the experience of having the Prophet Joseph Smith appear to him in February of 1847, President Young asked the Prophet if he had a "message." The Prophet "very earnestly" said:

"Tell the people to be humble and faithful, and be sure to keep the spirit of the Lord and it will lead them right. Be careful and not turn away the small still voice; it will teach you what to do and where to go; it will yield the fruits of the kingdom." (*Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 1846-1847*, p. 529.) Of the many things the Prophet might have said, this was his "message."

Similarly, when President Wilford Woodruff visited with President Brigham Young about



The test has always been how much we love the Savior. Do we love him more than our material possessions?

two years after the latter's death, President Woodruff asked President Young if he had a message for the Saints in Arizona. President Young said, "Tell the people to get the Spirit of the Lord and keep it with them." The content similarity is not surprising, but it is, nevertheless, striking!

Doing right deeds produces right and reassuring feelings, including having the Spirit. President McKay said, for instance, that with spirituality we will have a "consciousness of victory over self"; we will "feel [our] faculties unfolding" and "truth expanding [our] soul," not unlike the swelling seed analogy in Alma 32. (*Treasures of Life*, comp. Clair Middlemiss, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1962, p. 437.)

No wonder Alma said it is not enough for us to have once been close to the Savior—so was Sidney Rigdon—and to have "felt to sing the song of redeeming love." We must ask ourselves, "Can ye feel so now?" (Alma 5:26.) Spirituality is a building thing, not a past or future thing.

President McKay said further that spirituality "impels one to conquer difficulties"—a leaning

into life, not away from it. (*Treasures of Life*, p. 447.) This fits with what the prophet Nephi said about the importance of acting for ourselves in life and not merely waiting to be acted upon, and with that soul-shivering verse in Mosiah in which a saint is described as one who is "willing to submit to all things which the Lord seeth fit to inflict upon him." (Mosiah 3:19.) For Jesus' disciples are sometimes given "thorns in the flesh"—even when there are no rose gardens!

The Christ-centered life produces in us, not a woeful countenance, but a disciplined enthusiasm to work righteousness. We need this, week after week and day after day, for we often meet with and try to help people who "droop in sin." (2 Ne. 4:28.) The electricity of our enthusiasm for righteousness can brace and lift them. With this enthusiasm for righteousness, we avoid the feeling of being personally plateaued. The specific duties noted earlier help us to avoid staleness. They are like keys on a piano keyboard; touch them correctly and in concert and renewing music is inevitable—if one chord doesn't lift us, another will!

To speak of personal progress and drawing closer to the Savior requires our trusting not only in the Lord's plan for all mankind but also trusting in his unfolding and particularized plan for each of us. Drawing ever closer to the Lord, therefore, means much more than merely acknowledging that he is in charge, though that is a beginning. Believers who remain underinvolved with Him are, in a sense, living without Him in the world. Alma warned that living without God in the world is "contrary to the nature of happiness." (Alma 41:11.) In my opinion, that warning was not just for agnostics!

St. Teresa of Avila was vividly correct when she said that for those who live without God in

the world, their mortal existence is "no more than a night in a second-class hotel." (Malcolm Muggeridge, "The Great Liberal Death Wish," *Imprimis*, Hillsdale College, Michigan, May 1979.) There is a difference between loving God and merely believing that we ought to love him!

As indicated in the beginning, the test is and always has been, "how much do we love him?" We know how much he loves us. The test he has given us is, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." (John 14:15.) We may say quite sincerely and even accurately that we are doing reasonably well in this regard. Let us ponder, however, that episode with the decent young man who told the Savior that he too had kept the commandments from his youth. Jesus then gave him an added and very personalized challenge: to go and sell all that he had and give the proceeds to the poor and then "take up the cross, and follow me." This, said the Savior to the young man, was the "one thing thou lackest." (Mark 10:21.) In my case, would that it were just one thing, but for you and me, being conscious of that which we yet "lack" becomes an additional test and spur—along with the keeping of the commandments and the performance of our duties. Though we may have already proved we can play checkers, are we now ready to play chess? Are we willing to let the Lord lead us into further developmental experiences or do we shrink back? There isn't much growing in shrinking!

Following are a dozen tactical tests that can reveal how we are doing in developing the spirituality which follows the Christ-centered life.

1. *True spirituality helps us to achieve balance between being too content with our present self and the human tendency we might have of wishing for more significance or enlarged roles.* Alma said, "But

behold . . . I ought to be content with the things which the Lord hath allotted unto me." (Alma 29:3.) However, note the often-ignored verse six: "Now, seeing that I know these things, why should I desire more than to perform the work to which I have been called?" To develop that kind of justifiable contentment is obviously one of our challenges, particularly so when we seem to be in a "flat" period of life—when we may feel underused, underwhelmed, and underappreciated, even as we ignore unused opportunities for service which are all about us.

2. *Are there some Jethros in our lives to give us needed counsel?*

"And Moses' father in law said unto him, The thing that thou doest is not good.

"Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone." (Ex. 18:17-18.)

Do we have Jethros who can speak to us with that kind of loving directness and yet be received humbly by us? Do we listen "down" and "sideways" as well as "up"?

"And [Naaman's] servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" (2 Kgs. 5:13.)

Naaman listened to underlings and was lifted up and cleansed.

3. *Does a sense of proportion and discernment govern our choices so that our Martha-like anxieties do not make the Mary-like choices less and less likely?*

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part,

which shall not be taken away from her." (Luke 10:41-42; see also 38-40.)

We can be conscientious but confused about our priorities.

4. *Have our personal prayers moved from the easy and casual petitions (like one of Oliver Cowdery's concerning which the Lord said in Doctrine and Covenants 9:7, "Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me") to inspired petitions that the Lord said we could one day approach?*

"And if ye are purified and cleansed from all sin, ye shall ask whatsoever you will in the name of Jesus and it shall be done.

"But know this, it shall be given you what you shall ask." (D&C 50:29-30.)

"He that asketh in the Spirit asketh according to the will of God; wherefore it is done even as he asketh." (D&C 46:30.)

As the Lord said to a Christ-centered individual in another age:

"And now, because thou hast done this with such unwearyingness, behold, I will bless thee forever; and I will make thee mighty in word and in deed, in faith and in works; yea, even that all things shall be done unto thee according to thy word, for thou shalt not ask that which is contrary to my will." (Hel. 10:5.)

5. *Do we have both right conduct and right reasons for that conduct? Are we so secure in our relationship with the Lord that our goodness will continue even when our goodness is not seen of men?*

"Take heed that ye do not alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 6:1.)

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." (Rom. 15:1.)

"Not with eyeservice, as men-

pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." (Eph. 6:6.)

6. *When, professionally or associationally, we seem to be "put out to pasture," can we still say gladly and gratefully of the Lord (and mean it), "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures"?* (Ps. 23:2.)

7. *When we are misunderstood, misquoted, or misused, do we still love and pray for those who despitefully use us?*

8. *When someone seems to surpass us spiritually and does "our thing" even better than we, can we genuinely rejoice and give him heartfelt and sincere praise?*

9. *Can we truly remember that forgetting is a specific dimension of forgiving? It is Lord-like—"I [will] remember [their sins] no more." (D&C 58:42.) Do we really help others to get reclassified? How recently have we reclassified someone? Can we, to use Alma's phrase, "give place" for the spiritual growth of others? Are we truly ready to receive not only the repentant but the frail who have grown strong? In the city of God, there are lots of "new kids on the block!"*

10. *Do we trust the Lord enough to use seeming deprivation? To see opportunity within tragedy, as did Joseph anciently? After Jacob's death, Joseph's brothers were frightened once again, fearing revenge because of what they had done to Joseph so many years before. Joseph simply said to them, "But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive." (Gen. 50:20.) Surely we, among all mankind, should be patient in seeming tragedy, trusting the Lord and doing our duties while things unfold.*

11. *Are we growing in our patience? The Lord has said of certain challenges: "These things remain to overcome through patience, that such may receive a more exceeding and eternal*



Are we ready to follow the Lord into experiences that might involve pain?

weight of glory." (D&C 63:66.)

Paul stated: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." (Heb. 12:1.)

Life is a marathon, not a hundred yard dash!

12. Finally, are we ready to follow the Lord into soul-stretching experiences, "to move forward," as President McKay said, "to conquer our difficulties" even if it means having experiences which will teach us through suffering? In a stunning declaration, Alma spoke of Jesus and his atonement and of how even the Savior learned certain things "according to the flesh":

"And he shall go forth, suffering pains and afflictions and temptations of every kind; and this that the word might be fulfilled which saith he will take upon him the pains and the sicknesses of his people.

"And he will take upon him death, that he may loose the bands of death which bind his people; and he will take upon him their infirmities, that his

bowels may be filled with mercy, according to the flesh, that he may know according to the flesh how to succor his people according to their infirmities." (Alma 7:11-12.)

Jesus, being sinless, could not have known suffering caused by his own sin—but the agonies of the Atonement made it possible for Christ to succor us in our infirmities!

You and I may also need to suffer and undergo certain experiences "according to the flesh" in order to increase our capacity to help other people, bringing experiences we may not want, but which the Lord in his wisdom may insist upon.

In this connection I read from a sobering, sweet letter written by a gallant, modest young man now at BYU:

"I have now had leukemia diagnosed for fifteen months, although few people even know about it. My goal has been to lead as normal a life as is possible; hence, the subject rarely gets mentioned because most people I have encountered, doctors included, tend to treat it as a tragedy rather than as an incentive to get one's affairs in order promptly.

"My parents took the news quite hard, perhaps because my brother died unexpectedly eleven years ago of undiagnosed causes. Most are pessimistic; however, I have failed to see how pessimism would help me make the best use of my time which is of an unknown length, not only for me, but for everyone.

"Against medical and parental advice, I have since gotten married and am finishing my first year at BYU and we're expecting a baby in July. I feel great and am truly enjoying the blessings that are coming from being married in the temple, studying the scriptures, working hard in school, and living each day rather than simply waiting to die as some would recommend.

"Fifteen months ago, my then fiancée and I thought that if I could live long enough just for us to be sealed, that was all we would ask for. Therefore, we consider everything since then a great gift from the Lord. We still dream and plan for a long family life together, and it gives to us a certain comfort to know that our situation is in the Lord's hands and is not bound by man's limitations."

Let me speak of faith and of far more potential spirituality than we may realize we have.

A. In spite of what the world declares, there is still only one way to find ourselves and that is by losing our lives for the sake of the Savior and the gospel. (See Mark 8:35.) Only then do we find ourselves. The emptiest people I know are those in the world who are seeking selfish fulfillment! They will never find it on those terms.

B. We must learn to rejoice in the many blessings we now have without brooding over those that are temporarily withheld from us. What we do not have must not be allowed to spoil what we do have.

C. We need to remember that in the ecology of temptation, if we fall we usually do not fall alone. Likewise, if we resist temptation, we may thereby strengthen another unknowingly.

In writing about the city of Enoch a few years ago, I had a character in the story say in a letter to a friend:

"Not only do we gain greater happiness ourselves when we are righteous, but we also help our neighbor in subtle ways. How often the weaknesses in one man become a temptation to another man! My desire for wealth and gems can cause another man's envy; my temper has, at times past, dissolved your patience. One man's incontinence destroys what little is left of a righteous woman's resolve. One person's lust becomes another's way to

wealth. A man's drunkenness becomes another man's excuse for Sabbath-breaking to enlarge his vineyards." (Neal A. Maxwell, *Of One Heart*, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1975, p. 28.)

D. With regard to the matter of regular, personal improvement in our lives, if we lack an agenda, we need merely consult our conscience. We should not take on too many projects all at once, however, lest we fail in all of them. It is better to concentrate on betterment in the basics—even if the pace seems somewhat slow. Our success will increase our self-esteem and our capacity to love and to help others.

E. When we are called upon to pass through fiery trials, let the sobering and yet encouraging words of Peter wash over us like surf—"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you" (1 Pet. 4:12)—remembering that you will not always know when you are passing through trials what the final and full purposes of such soul-stretching experiences are.

"And now, I, Moroni would speak somewhat concerning these things . . . dispute not because ye see not, for ye receive no witness until after the trial of your faith." (Ether 12:6.)

We can be assured, however, when recalling how some other young disciples were tested in the fiery furnace years ago (Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego), that the Lord did not let them pass through that test alone. When King Nebuchadnezzar looked into the fiery furnace, he saw a fourth figure "and the form of the fourth [was] like the Son of God." (Dan. 3:25.) The Lord will not let us suffer alone but will be close to us as we pass through these soul-stretching experiences.

F. The world is too much with us—subtly and even mili-

tantly—trying to persuade us all to move away from Christ, to let go of the iron rod—to give in and be like all others. How important it is to keep the precious perspective of the gospel! Said Malcolm Muggeridge:

"When I look back on my life nowadays, which I sometimes do, what strikes me most forcibly about it is that what seemed at the time most significant and seductive, seems now most futile and absurd. For instance, success in all of its various guises; being known and being praised; ostensible pleasures, like acquiring money or seducing women, or travelling, going to and fro in the world and up and down in it like Satan, exploring and experiencing whatever Vanity Fair has to offer.

"In retrospect all these exercises in self-gratification seem pure fantasy, what Pascal called 'licking the earth.' They are diversions designed to distract our attention from the true purpose of our existence in this world, which is, quite simply, to look for God, and, in looking, to find Him, and, having found Him, to love Him, thereby establishing a harmonious relationship with His purposes for His creation." (*A Twentieth Century Testimony*, by Malcolm Muggeridge.)

How grateful we should be for the opportunity to learn while young what Muggeridge learned! The earlier the world is renounced, the more chance to better the world—and the sooner we will touch other lives happily. The idea is to replenish the earth, not "lick it." The duties noted will keep us too busy to attend Vanity Fair.

One day it will all be very clear to us; we will see the absurdity of some of our choices and wonder, again and again, why it was that, given the simpleness as well as the truthfulness of the gospel, so many refused to accept it. Or why some members did not stay

with it. Ironically, the very simpleness and the easiness of the way causes some to refuse to look to God and live. (See 1 Ne. 17:41.)

G. We must resist the caresses of the world, knowing that insofar as we are already resisting these caresses, these blandishments of Babylon, we are succeeding! Moreover, we are doing so in a time of tremendous temptation, a time when the adversary seeks to blur the distinction between what Ezekiel called "the holy and [the] profane." (Ezek. 44:23.)

For those of us who continue steadily in that course, the day will come when we will meet our ancestors and predecessor disciples; they will praise us for our achievements and for our courage—just as we have often praised them for meeting their individual challenges.

The Lord is preparing a very particular people for very particular chores in the next and everlasting world. Our schooling here cannot be a casual thing, or we would not be able to have immense joy there. One day, some of the challenges, the imponderables, and the incongruities that chafe and frustrate us now (and which are sufficient to deflect the weak from the path of duty) will be seen as having been necessary to our eternal happiness. Then we will even find ourselves thanking the Lord for not removing the thorns in the flesh which we wish so desperately could be removed now. Those who have coped with thorns in the flesh will one day repose in an everlasting rose garden; this rose garden was promised!

God bless us all, meanwhile, as we make our way, righteously and resolutely, to that garden in the city of God! The gatekeeper is Jesus Christ—and "he employeth no servant there" (2 Ne. 9:41); if we come to know him now, he will know us then! □

"No Respecter of Persons"

By David Hanna and Steven Ostler

The date was 9 June 1978, and the world had just heard President Spencer W. Kimball announce that a new revelation had been received.

"Witnessing the faithfulness of those from whom the priesthood has been withheld, we have pleaded long and earnestly in behalf of these, our faithful brethren, spending many hours in the upper room of the temple supplicating the Lord for divine guidance.

"He has heard our prayers, and by revelation has confirmed that the long-promised day has come when every faithful, worthy man in the Church may receive the holy priesthood. . . . Accordingly, all worthy male members of the Church may be ordained to the priesthood without regard for race or color. . . .

"We declare with soberness that the Lord has now made known His will for the blessing of all His children throughout the earth who will hearken to the voice of His authorized servants, and prepare themselves to receive every blessing of the gospel." (ENSIGN, July 1978, p. 75.)

The announcement was an exciting event for members of the Church throughout the world. This was certainly true for those of us living in Albany, Georgia. Our minds raced with excitement as we anticipated the great effect the reaction would have in our lives and in our ward. Our thoughts flashed to the New Testament account of Cornelius, a

righteous Gentile who was prepared to receive the gospel and then was instructed by an angel to visit the Apostle Peter:

"And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and worshipped him.

"But Peter took him up, saying, Stand up; I myself also am a man.

"And as he talked with him he went in, and found many that were come together.

"And he said unto them, Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean.

"Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me?" . . .

Cornelius replied: "Immediately therefore I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.

"Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:

"But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." (Acts 10:25-29, 33-35)

Like Peter, the bishops and branch presidents in our area were quick to respond to the revelation of the Lord. There was

excitement and power in their words that first Sunday after President Kimball's announcement, as local Church units officially received notification of the revelation through the priesthood channels and spread the news to their congregations. The situation was clear to us all after that Sunday. The Lord had spoken; now it was up to the Church organization and membership to respond.

The reaction of different Church members varied, as one might expect. Some called the bishop and expressed concern. Others asked questions. Generally, however, they wanted to accept the will of the Lord and do what was right. A member of the high council summed up the attitudes of many when he said, "I have lived in the South all of my life. I've held prejudices. Now the Prophet and the Lord have asked me to change my views and practices. I'll certainly go along with it, support it, and sustain it." He spent his family home evening talking with his family about how they could follow the intent of the Lord's manifestation.

Two weeks later things began to happen—The meetinghouse for the Albany, Georgia, First and Second Wards was dedicated. Among the many nonmembers attending the dedicatory services was Alice Moultrie, a friend from work who had responded to our invitation to attend.

"It was a wonderful meet-

ing," Alice reflected the next day at work. "The people were so friendly. Even though I was just about the only black person there, I felt right at home. I feel something drawing me there."

That something, of course, was the Holy Ghost. In the ensuing weeks as Alice was taught by the missionaries and the members, she received many powerful manifestations from the Holy Spirit regarding the truthfulness of the gospel.

She accepted the baptismal challenge and the day finally came when she was led by the hand into the waters of baptism. As she took her place in the baptismal font, her eyes grew wide and she exclaimed softly, "So this is the baptismal font!" The meaning of her comment was not understood by others until after the meeting had concluded.

"I had seen that font before in a type of vision," she shared with us later. "I saw myself in the water and every other detail of the font's interior exactly as it is. When I stood in the water and looked up, I realized the Lord had shown me my baptism before it happened."

Soon after her baptism Alice was called to be the secretary of the ward Sunday School organization. More recently, because of her warm spirit and her burning testimony, she has been called to be a stake missionary.

Although she was the first black convert in our ward, she did not have the distinction very long of being the only black

member. In the twelve months following Alice's baptism in late August of 1978, some forty black brothers and sisters were baptized in the Albany area—and their numbers have continued to grow. A heavy outpouring of the Spirit has accompanied each conversion. Here are some examples:

1. *Herbert and Mildred Samuels* were baptized just a few weeks after Alice Moultrie. The first black elder to be ordained in the Albany First Ward, he became a dynamic stake missionary with an intense love for others. Sister Samuels is a counselor in the Primary and adds much to the ward with her gifted soprano voice. Their temple marriage took on added significance when Brother Samuels died in a tragic car accident in the summer of 1980.

2. *Mark and Ada Clark's* conversion to the Church was especially significant to us since he, like Alice Moultrie, was a colleague at work. He had impressed us for some time as being an "unbaptized Mormon," but procrastination had prevented us from asking him the golden questions. Success often creates boldness, however; and in the light of the missionary success our ward was having, the approach to Mark was rather blunt. "Mark, you need to learn more about the Mormon church!" Because of the friendship we shared he was not offended, and he agreed to meet with one of us in our home to receive the missionary discussions.

Within two weeks, it was apparent Mark and Ada would be baptized. They were doing all the



Photography by Carolyn Edwards Clive

Getting ready for a hayride are, front, left to right: Adrienne Gimenez, Tamara Coston, Philonease Fournier, and Catherine Clive. Back, left to right: Mike Arnold, Jenny Rackham, Craig Reno, and Edgar Gimenez.

right things. Their questions in the discussion were thoughtful and spirited. They prayed often about the message of the gospel. They studied the Book of Mormon and the pamphlets they received and struggled until they understood what they had read.

After meeting with them and the missionaries for the third discussion, we received a strong impression that 11 January 1979 (the date they had been preparing for since the first meeting) was in-

deed to be the night of their baptism. When Satan began placing obstacles in the Clarks' path that final week, it would have been easy to have given in to their request to "hold off on the baptism for a little while." But the Spirit prompted us to hold firm, and so we did.

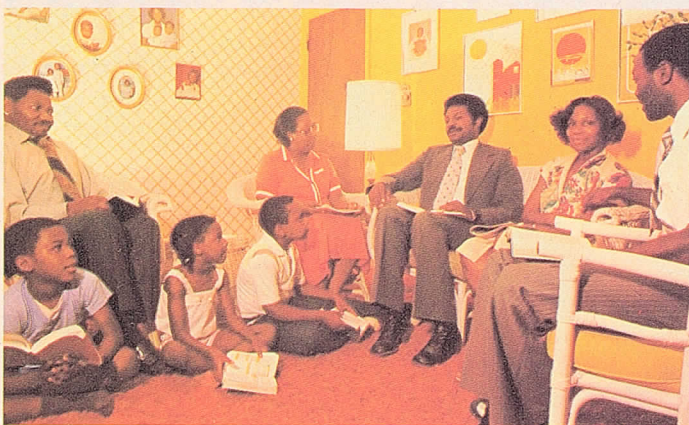
We both went to visit with Mark just two hours before his scheduled baptism to bear our witness and to answer his questions. The Spirit was very strong

as we all knelt to pray. Following prayer, Mark rose to his feet and asked simply, "What do we need to bring for tonight?" Later that evening he and his wife were baptized. Subsequently they, too, have been sealed in the temple. Mark is presently elders quorum president in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

3. Jim and Lawanda Coston joined the Church after being friendshipped and after receiving the discussions in the home of a



1.



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3.

1. James Coston is the second counselor in the Albany First Ward bishopric. He was the first black high priest in the Columbus Stake. Here he conducts a meeting in the chapel. 2. Black members periodically enjoy family home evenings together. This gathering is in the home of Sister Faye Allen Tift. Other

participants are, from left to right: Le Conte Allen, Thomas Burns, Tamika Allen, Bryan Moultrie, Alice Moultrie, Robert Johnson, Faye Allen Tift, and Larry Bacon. 3. Sister Katrina Crawford, left, a Primary teacher, receiving assistance from Sister Philonease Fournier, assistant ward librarian. Sister

Nancy Sellars, the ward librarian, is in the background. 4. Mark and Ada Clark and their daughter Lisa are hosting an investigator family. Mark was a dynamic assistant ward mission leader in the Albany First Ward. Now in Green Bay, Wisconsin, he is the elders quorum president. Ada has been a Relief

recent convert in the ward. After baptism, Jim commented that he had lost the desire to engage in his usual social activities. His family had taken on added significance and he desired to spend the majority of his time with them.

In time, Jim was called to be a counselor in the elders quorum presidency, and Lawanda was called to serve with the Young Women. Then, early this year, Jim was presented to be one of

the counselors in the bishopric.

Such outpourings of the Spirit have brought new excitement to the Church in the Albany area, and our love for one another has increased. One member, who had admitted earlier that he was finding it difficult to accept the impact of the revelation, remarked how the Spirit had influenced him while helping the missionaries teach a black family. "I felt the Spirit very strongly," he said. "My eyes were opened. I know now how badly the Lord wants all of his children to be a part of his Church." His words had a familiar ring of the Apostle Peter after teaching Cornelius's household:

"While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

"And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God. Then answered Peter,

"Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (Acts 10:44-47.)

As time progressed and black brothers and sisters have entered the Church, we have learned that an increased capacity to love does not come about by sermons from the pulpit or through directives in a priesthood quorum. It comes as a result of *serving together*, in such activities as pulling corn on the welfare farm, jointly teaching with the missionaries, sacrificing together to make a Church activity just a bit better, or just being friends.

The Saints in Albany have ex-

perienced something akin to what Peter and Cornelius experienced, and we feel strongly that our latter-day prophet is repeating the message found in the tenth chapter of Acts, namely:

1. There are many righteous persons on the face of the earth who have not had the gospel preached to them.

2. Many such individuals have been spiritually prepared, or are being spiritually prepared, for the messengers who will bring the glad tidings of the restoration of the gospel.

3. A revelation from God has come to the Lord's anointed spokesman declaring that the fulness of the gospel should now be taken to people who previously (according to the Lord's timetable) had not been included in full proselyting activities.

4. Members of the Church must overcome any prejudices and cultural patterns we might have in order to extend a true hand of friendship and fellowship to *all* individuals of all races, cultures, and tongues.

5. Rapid growth, far greater than that seen in past years, will accompany the Church as we follow the will of the Lord.

Because of our experiences in Georgia, we have felt the Spirit of the Lord in abundance. The formula is sweet but well known: in inviting our brothers and sisters to join us in the gospel fold, we've found ourselves entering anew. □

David Paul Hanna (a counselor in the Georgia Atlanta Mission presidency at the time this article was written) is now an organization specialist in West Germany, where he is a counselor in the Bonn Branch presidency, Dusseldorf Germany Stake. Steven A. Ostler (formerly a high councilor in the Columbus Georgia Stake) is a training and development manager and serves as chairman of the activities committee in his Farmington, Utah, ward.

4.



5.

Society and Primary teacher. Mark and Ada have been through the temple, as have the Costons, Alice Moultrie, Thomas Burns, Mildred Samuels, and Larry Bacon. 5. Sister Alice Moultrie teaching her Primary class. Alice has been a Relief Society teacher and a stake missionary.

Keeping the Marriage Covenant

*They thought their marriage
was too strong to be threatened*

An active LDS couple recently lived through a situation they thought they'd never experience: infidelity—or, in their case, a dangerous brush with it. The impact on their lives was severe, but the gospel of Jesus Christ has enabled them to experience the fruits of repentance and forgiveness and to strengthen their characters.

They are indeed wiser now—and from their painful lesson, they have realized the truth of certain principles. The principles aren't new; they have heard them many times before. But now they have a personal testimony of them—and a strong desire to help others avoid the tragedy.

1. *Don't ever think you're immune.* A year ago, both Jim and Susan (their names have been changed) would have ridiculed the idea that either of them could ever become involved with anyone else. Theirs was a good marriage—they were living happily in a relationship that had begun with a temple wedding. But because they had grown secure with each other, they felt safe from worldly temptations; they didn't fully comprehend the power Satan has to prey on personal weaknesses, or the human



tendency to rationalize when powerful emotions are involved. They were simply too naive to recognize a potentially dangerous situation.

2. *Constantly keep up your spiritual reserves.* Jim and Susan now feel that if they had made a more conscious effort to pray and study the scriptures daily, individually and as a family, they would have felt more clearly the influence of the Spirit of the Lord in their lives. The Spirit can more than alert us to possible dangers; it can also keep husbands and wives working together, united as one.

3. *Use idle time wisely.* Last winter, for the first time in their marriage, Jim's work schedule was such that he was home alone

in the afternoons. All of the children were finally in school, and Susan had gotten a job. Unused to being home by himself, Jim became lonely and restless. It certainly would have been healthier and much safer if he had decided to use his free time on some demanding project or activity—but he chose instead to visit frequently with friends, simply killing time.

4. *Recognize potential dangers in one-to-one visiting.* The Church has long cautioned its members to go home teaching or visiting teaching in pairs, and to avoid one-man/one-woman situations—even things like driving to Church meetings together. In the past, Jim and Susan scoffed at that, considering the advice excessive. But now they no longer consider this precaution overstated.

Because Jim had so many free afternoons and so few specific plans, he began dropping in on Susan's best friend, Liz (a fictitious name also). At first this visiting was quite innocent. The two families had been good friends for a long time, and both spouses knew of the visits. Besides, since there were always several small children present, the two of them felt they weren't

really alone together. The little children, however, weren't adequate chaperones.

Unfortunately, Liz and her husband weren't communicating well with each other at the time, and she felt she needed some emotional support. Because of Jim's visits, she gradually began to rely on him for some of that support. He, in turn, recognized her need to talk out problems, and sometimes felt much like a counselor as he talked with her. Gradually, however, Jim found himself in conversations with Liz that he would have been embarrassed to repeat—intimate topics and details of private matters. The attraction of such discussion was strong—and Jim now sees how he rationalized such conversation.

5. *Maintain open communication between husband and wife.* Jim and Susan had always been able to talk about anything. Yet, it should have served as a flashing warning signal when he stopped sharing the specifics of his visits. The proper sense of formality and reserve had disappeared between him and Liz. Sadly, Jim did not feel unfaithful to Susan, but truthfully he was already beginning to redirect his interests, although he didn't want to admit

*The Spirit can more
than alert us to
possible dangers; it can
also keep husbands and
wives working
together, united as
one.*

it or face up to it.

6. *Satan can subtly lead us toward sin in such small steps that we may not even recognize what is happening.* What had started as a normal friendship between two married people began to get completely out of hand, and even now it is difficult and embarrassing for them to face up to what happened. Liz gradually became too emotionally dependent on Jim, and he didn't know how to back away without hurting her—nor did he really want to—for there was an attraction developing that motivated Jim more than he wanted to admit. Little by little the emotional need was permitted to devolve into a physical interest. The descent was so

gradual that each step seemed not to be much more compromising than the last. The process happened so insidiously and compellingly that they ignored the laws that should have been governing their lives.

7. *It's hard to simply back out of a sinful situation.* Finally, however, they realized that boundaries had been passed that shouldn't have been.

Jim didn't want to tell Susan what was happening because he was ashamed, afraid of hurting her and of losing her respect. He also knew she valued Liz's friendship highly, and he could see that this would injure that relationship. Largely, though, as a result of the increasing attraction, Jim didn't want to stop seeing Liz, and he rationalized that her dependence on him was too delicate a thing for him to abandon completely.

So he convinced himself that he could reverse the flow of events and simply back the situation up to proper levels again. But his rationalization didn't work. Each time they were together, even though he rationalized that he could control things, they became more involved instead of less.

At this point, even greater

tragedy could have occurred. Fortunately, however, the story has a better ending than it might have had. Guilt pressed on Jim, and thoroughly aghast at his condition, he faced up to what he was doing to himself, his wife, and his children. He felt a deep sense of sorrow and regret for what he had pulled Liz and her husband—his good friend—into. He realized that he had placed himself at the edge of spiritual and marital peril and in the process was bringing ruin to his family and everything that had meant the most to him. He therefore bought and read President Spencer W. Kimball's book *The Miracle of Forgiveness* and realized that if he were going to free himself, he would need to do it the Lord's way—through confession and complete change.

With terrible wrenching, he went both to Susan and to his bishop. He says that, of the two, it was much harder approaching Susan because he knew she would be overwhelmed with despair and confusion. And she was. The first few days after he talked to her, they both felt as if the world were crumbling apart. But, together, they have coped. Both did a great deal of weeping those first weeks as they tried to make sense of the situation and reach out to each other again. In the process, they learned as much about recovery from sin as about the entry into it.

The bishop was sensitive and supportive—and Jim and Susan are both very grateful for his spiritual counsel. He knew how sincere Jim's sorrow was and helped him have hope in his ability to get his life in order and obtain forgiveness. He also talked with Susan, letting her just talk out her feelings. At the same time, the bishop was firm in his counsel, pointing out that Jim's involvement with Liz must come to an immediate and complete halt, whatever it took—even if it

meant moving away to remove himself from the source of the temptation.

In the Lord's own way, and after the passage of time, Jim was able to know forgiveness and peace again. "I have understood the meaning of 'a broken heart and a contrite spirit' in a more real sense than ever before," Jim says. "We've both been scoured internally, but our hearts have been touched and healed."

He continues: "Because we want to have a stronger relationship with each other and be obedient to the Lord's commandments, we've tried to put our family's spiritual affairs more in order. We now start each day kneeling in prayer, and we study the scriptures as a family every evening. We think we are more teachable now. We know we have to rely on the safeguards of the gospel."

Susan's recovery was understandably difficult. "I know I have been touched by the Spirit," she says, "and I've received undeniable confirmation of my husband's love and his ability to be strong and stable in the future. Although I have had frequent periods of extreme depression, there has been a tangible force for healing in my life. I try not to think of the past, but instead let the memories gradually dissolve from my mind."

But there was still the matter of resolving their relationship with the other family. Both couples attended the same ward and would be in weekly contact. "Forgiving my husband was, in fact, the easier task for me," says Susan. "But how should we act toward the other couple?"

In trying to work through her feelings, Susan was blessed with some insights new to her. "To be honest," she admits, "my earliest reaction toward my old friend was hostile. But one night I suddenly understood during an anguished prayer that I had to

release my hatred and be forgiving before I could be free of the chains that were holding me bound. Like Jim, I too began to feel sorrow for the tragedy that had been brought into our friends' lives."

The couples are now on speaking terms with each other. Jim has come to the solid understanding that there must always be a distinct emotional distance between himself and any person of the opposite sex, and that a breach in proper relationships must never happen again. He is now convinced that there is great security, after all, in the kind of healthy caution we are all counseled to maintain.

Jim and Susan have spent a lot of time lately reconfirming and strengthening their marriage bonds. "It was a sad experience," Jim says, "but we're determined to learn from it." Susan's temporary job ended, and she was again able to be home full time. That, in itself, has been beneficial, since, they admit, the stresses put on them by her continued absences were a significant factor in the original trouble. "We spend afternoons together," Susan says, "doing things we particularly enjoy—swimming, bowling, hiking—and we have started some house projects together. We have especially spent a lot of time just talking and simply being close to each other."

Jim and Susan's experience may seem unlikely and contrived. But it happened. "Because of our experience," Susan says, "we're more aware than ever that we shouldn't be so naive as to think we are immune to temptation. Now we're trying harder than ever to protect ourselves and our family by keeping the Spirit alive in our home and by really obeying the counsel of our leaders. As a result we feel confident that we will be both a cautious and a more securely happy couple." □

Discovering My Icelanders

By Clark T. Thorstenson

The term *Icelander* has a special meaning in the immediate area of Spanish Fork, Utah. The "Icelanders," as they are affectionately known, came to Utah as converts in the late 1800s from the Westman Islands just off the coast of Iceland. They settled in the southeast corner of Spanish Fork, which was known as the "bench," and they had such an

impact upon the other settlers that the area rapidly became known as "Little Iceland."

Both of my father's parents were born in Iceland, and my father taught me that being an "Icelander" was akin to being one of noble birth and heritage. I have always believed that and have held a special place in my heart for anyone with a heritage common to mine.

My father died when I was just a child, and my grandparents died shortly after; so when it came time for me to search out the information for my four-generation sheets, I had to turn to records that were either incorrect or incomplete. Family records were almost nonexistent, and church and community archives contained so many inaccuracies that I became frustrated. After hundreds of ex-



This scene of people on horseback near Akureyri shows a common Iceland landscape—steep mountains, lakes, and green hills without trees.

asperating hours at the Brigham Young University branch library as well as the Church genealogical library in Salt Lake City, and even with assistance from skilled genealogists, I still had not been able to complete the four-generation sheets as asked by the Church. But I never gave up, and I regularly enrolled in genealogy classes in hopes that someday there would be a breakthrough.

About two years ago, as I sat in a ward genealogy class, I raised my hand and gave vent to my consternation, explaining that I had done all I could but was unable to complete the task required. I still remember the teacher's reply: "Brother Thorstenson, if you have done everything possible that you know how to do and still can't complete the worksheets, the Lord will open the way for you."

Her words were stated so firmly and in such a positive way that I felt she was right and I would be helped.

Some two weeks later I received a telephone call telling me that a man from Iceland who was visiting in Spanish Fork thought he might possibly be a relative of mine. In just a moment of conversation with Marino Gudmundsson, I learned that

his grandfather and my grandfather were first cousins and that Dr. Thorstein Jonsson (former mayor of the Westman Islands) was a common great-grandfather! Marino was a nonmember, but missionaries who had just opened Iceland for missionary work, after our having no missionaries there for almost one hundred years, had contacted him. During their conversation he remembered that he had heard of Mormon relatives who had gone to Utah. His curiosity about Utah and the possibility of relatives being there led him to make a special trip just to get acquainted with them.

The words, "The Lord will open the way" were literally ringing in my ears as I conversed with this intelligent and intriguing relative who seemed to have all the missing genealogical

information I needed. I felt I had known him all my life, and soon we became close personal friends.

About three weeks after he and his wife, Gudrun, returned to Iceland, I received a package in the mail containing five generations of names on my father's side, a photograph of my great-grandfather, and clippings from books and articles about my family. He also said I had a large number of living relatives in Iceland and that a visit by me would open all the records I needed for genealogy.

I had always dreamed of going to Iceland, but in three trips to Europe I had never been able to arrange to go that far north. This past spring, however, an assignment to the Nordic countries opened the way, and almost before my wife and I realized it, our airplane was landing at Keflavik Airport in Iceland.

To our dismay, no one met us at the airport, even though we had written to Marino more than a month prior to our departure informing him of our flight plan and requesting that he meet our plane if possible, since we knew no one else in the country. After a short wait, we boarded a bus for a forty-five-minute ride into Reykjavik, the capital city of Iceland, and were delighted to see two missionaries in the crowd looking for us. They informed us that Marino was in The Netherlands and would be unable to return during our short stay. Imagine my disappointment! I could feel my opportunity for genealogy work slipping away.

The elders took us to our hotel and then told us of the church meeting schedule and the opportunities they had arranged for us to speak. After they left, I looked out the window at the gray clouds, the dark seas, and the recently fallen snow and felt despair. In spite of the opportunity to be of service to the Saints,

Photography by U. Sjöstedt, courtesy FPG, New York, NY



Top, A panorama view of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. Bottom, A town in the Westman Islands. Volcanic ash covers many of the homes in the foreground.

I felt I was about to lose my one great chance to serve my kindred dead.

About that time the phone rang and a pleasant female voice asked for me by my first name. She said her name was Valborg, that she was a cousin of mine, and that Marino had told her I would be in Iceland. She wondered if I could arrange my schedule to meet with her and other family members the following day. "The Lord will open the way" rang again in my ears.

My spirits soared. On Sunday we spoke to the missionaries, in Sunday School, in sacrament meeting, and at a fireside to the forty or so members and investigators who were eager to hear someone from Church headquarters.

Between church meetings, Valborg came to our hotel and took us to a fine, large home where we found a dozen elderly

and middle-aged relatives who were just as anxious to meet us as we were to meet them. As soon as we were introduced, I pulled family group sheets from my briefcase and asked them to help me fill in information I was missing, which they were pleased to do. Most of them were children of my grandfather's brothers, and they related many stories about my family that spiritually buoyed me up. They were warm and friendly and seemed delighted that we could be with them. They were even more expressive when I told them they were the only direct relatives I had ever met on my Icelandic side of the family. Afterwards, I could have floated back to the hotel, I was so happy.

The next day they arranged for us to fly to the birthplace of my grandparents, the Westman Islands. Mechanical problems



Traditional homes at Skogar, Iceland, with sod-covered roofs.

delayed the flight two hours, but when we landed, another cousin was there to greet us. He showed us the home where my grandfather was born and then took us to the cemetery, where we were able to obtain vital information from family headstones. He even took us to a nursing home to see his mother, who could remember my grandfather when she was a small child.

Again, miracles seemed to be continuously forthcoming. The Westman Islands were almost destroyed by a small volcano several years ago. The lava destroyed over four hundred homes and came within half a block of where my grandfather was born. Volcanic ash buried the cemetery, but international student volunteers joined natives and hauled away the ten feet of ash that covered the headstones. Despite the natural disasters, the

genealogical data I needed was there waiting for me. Even my cousin, Bogi Sigurdsson, turned out to be a miracle. He could verify all the data I received because as a youth he had memorized his ancestral line for six generations.

Because the flight to the Westman Islands was so late arriving, we only had three hours on the island before we had to return to Reykjavik. With much emotion and love, we departed. My ancestors were now real, personal, and, I felt, nearby.

On our third and final day in Iceland, my cousin Valborg came to the hotel and took us shopping. And then, as a last-minute gesture, she invited us to her home for light refreshments before we departed for the airport. Her husband, Sighvatur, and their child were there to greet us, and we enjoyed being together.

Then another miracle oc-

curred. Just before we were to leave, Sighvatur said he wanted to show us his den and collection of Icelandic books. Time was short, but to be courteous we went upstairs to see them. To my amazement, he pulled a book from the shelf which contained the biography of my great-grandfather, Thorstein Jonsson. A cursory glance told me immediately that it contained further family records and information of considerable value. I had started copying feverishly when he, almost casually, pulled out an ancient handwritten document and said, "You might be interested in this. It's the genealogy of Thorstein Jonsson."

I literally trembled as he handed it to me and I leafed through the pages—thirty-two in all—handwritten. It provided a complete record of Thorstein Jonsson's family back to A.D. 1124! It even included a paragraph in Thorstein Jonsson's own handwriting saying he had read it, reviewed it, and could unequivocally state that it was accurate! Again I could have floated away. Then Sighvatur told me that he was going to give the original document to a museum for preservation, but that he had photocopied it and would like to present a copy to me.

As we left for the airport, I thought to myself, "If Marino had been here, I probably would never have gone to the home where the only copy of this document was to be found, and consequently I wouldn't have received it."

I don't remember much more. The flight home was smooth, the food was good, the people were pleasant. All I remember is the words, "The Lord will open the way for you." □

Clark T. Thorstenson, professor of recreation management and youth leadership at Brigham Young University, serves on the General Activities Committee of the Church.

I HAVE A QUESTION

Questions of general gospel interest answered for guidance, not as official statements of Church policy.

Does the Church provide curriculum or resource material for handicapped members?



Goldie Despain, Coordinator of Materials for the Handicapped, Curriculum Department. Yes. The Church produces materials in various formats for those with handicaps and distributes these materials worldwide. Some of the materials are also available through non-church distributors.

For the visually handicapped, the Church produces on 8-rpm soundsheets the *Ensign Talking Book* each month. The subscription price is \$8.00 per year or whatever the person is able to pay. Those who cannot pay any amount can still receive the *Ensign Talking Book* and are assured they are welcome as subscribers.

The *Melchizedek Priesthood Study Guide* and *Relief Society Courses of Study* are produced on 8-rpm soundsheets yearly without cost.

For the visually handicapped who are called to leadership

positions, the Church produces teaching and administrative manuals and handbooks on cassette tapes or in Braille.

Church service readers, people who donate their time, record these materials.

To order these manuals or the *Ensign Talking Book*, write to Coordinator of Materials for the Visually Handicapped, 50 East North Temple, Room 2445, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.

Many more items are available at very modest prices through the Salt Lake City Distribution Center, 1999 West 1700 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101. The Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, the Pearl of Great Price, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, *Doctrines of Salvation*, and *Gospel Principles* are produced at 8-rpm on hard records. Many other Church books, such as *The Miracle of Forgiveness*, *A Marvelous Work and a Wonder*, and *Jesus the Christ*, are available on 16-rpm records. Scriptures, lesson manuals, general conference proceedings, hymns, scripture stories for children, missionary discussions, and general Church books are produced on slow- and standard-speed cassettes. (A \$40 machine that plays and records both slow- and standard-speed cassettes is available.) Some materials are available in Braille.

The 8- and 16-rpm records require a slow-speed record player. Any visually impaired or physically disabled person in the

United States may receive a slow-speed record player by contacting his regional library or his state agency for the blind and presenting certification from a doctor. The machines, produced and distributed by the Library of Congress, are available to the handicapped on a loan basis, for as long as they may be needed.

The Church produces materials also for members with hearing impairments. Church films on video tape with captions or signer inserts are available for loan or purchase. Write Special Curriculum, 50 East North Temple, Room 2445, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150. At the present time there are five video tapes containing nineteen Church films.

One of these tapes includes *Priesthood Ordinances*, a film produced specifically to clarify the importance of priesthood ordinances and how to perform them. This film also helps local priesthood leaders understand the importance of involving the hearing-impaired in performing ordinances.

These materials are produced on 1/2-inch VHS video tapes; each tape runs two hours. Approximately twenty-eight wards and branches for the hearing impaired have purchased video equipment on a Church participation basis.

Video tapes of general conferences, produced live for the deaf, can be borrowed or purchased from the Salt Lake City Distribution Center. An interpreter addresses the deaf in sign language. Hymns and special musical numbers during the sessions are also signed.

Since some members with hearing impairments are not

adept in the English language, they may use the easily understood lesson manuals—*Gospel Principles*, *Duties and Blessings of the Priesthood*, Parts A and B, the *Latter-day Saint Woman*, Parts A and B, and *Walk in His Ways*, Parts A and B.

A roster for Services for Deaf Members, a Dictionary of Sign Language Terms for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and captioned filmstrips are available. Also, an *Interpreters' Handbook* is being written for Church interpreters. This handbook will establish guidelines in the ethical and moral responsibilities of Church interpreters and will help priesthood leaders set up interpreter services where needed.

Materials for the mentally handicapped include captioned filmstrips, *Gospel Principles*, and scripture stories for beginning readers.

Teaching the Handicapped is a self-instruction packet for teachers and administrators. And a new *Guidebook for Parents of Handicapped Children* is currently being written to help parents understand the position of the Church on handicaps and to aid and support them physically, emotionally, and spiritually.

For complete listings of the materials available to the handicapped, write the Special Curriculum office (see address above), and check the Salt Lake City Distribution Center Catalog in your ward meetinghouse library. □

which is righteous." (Alma 41:13). Or, as the Savior put it in the Sermon on the Mount, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (Matt. 7:2.)

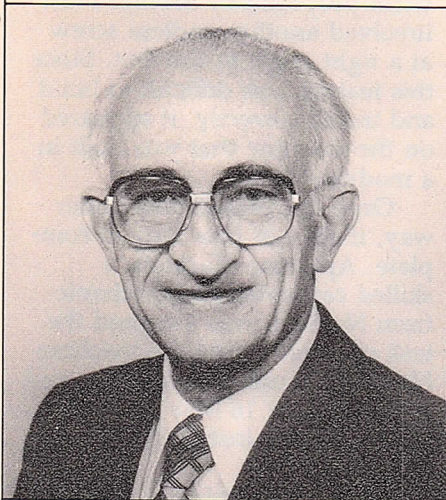
In the final judgment, eye shall be restored for eye, tooth for tooth, mercy for mercy, kindness for kindness—and significantly, evil hereafter for evil life.

When the Savior gave the Sermon on the Mount, he quoted, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," then added, "but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." (Matt. 5:38-39.) The Lord was not withdrawing the principle of divine justice he gave to Moses on Sinai; rather, he is remonstrating against the teachings of the scribes and Pharisees of his day, whose understanding of the intent of the scripture was in error. Instead of confining judgment to those in authority, they interpreted the principle of "an eye for an eye" as a justification for an individual taking vengeance whenever he received an injury or insult.

The children of Israel had been specifically commanded, as part of the Law of Moses: "Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Lev. 19:18.) Thus, they were forbidden not only to take revenge but also to bear any grudge which might lead to retaliation. Instead, their duty was to love, leaving vengeance to the Lord. (See Deut. 32:35; Ps. 94:1.)

Thus when the Savior taught the people not to seek revenge in the Sermon on the Mount, he was merely restoring a principle he had given through Moses and was seeking to eliminate a tradition of worldly teaching that had departed from it. □

I don't understand aspects of the Old Testament injunction, "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." (Exod. 21:24.) Why would the Lord have given such a retributive law to the children of Israel?



Ermel J. Morton, patriarch, Rexburg Idaho East Stake, Rexburg, Idaho. Interestingly enough, this passage was *not* meant to sanc-

tion vengeance and retaliation. As given by the Lord in the Old Testament, the phrase is a metaphor meaning "like for like." The idea is expressed succinctly by Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.)

In Old Testament times, the concept of "an eye for an eye" was given as a principle to guide judges, so that their judgments might be just, and so that retribution might be taken out of the hands of individuals.

As Alma explains to his son Corianton, the operative principle was restoration: "to bring back again evil for evil, or carnal for carnal, or . . . good for that which is good; righteous for that

On page 31 of the Gospel Doctrine manual *My Kingdom Shall Roll Forth* is a picture of a pioneer "odometer." How did it work, and how was it connected to the pioneer wagons?



Norman E. Wright, professor of Computer Science, Brigham Young University. The wooden odometer designed, built, and used by the first company of LDS pioneers in 1847 has a brief but fascinating history. Personal journals of members of that company provide many insights into the circumstances surrounding its development and use; they also contain detailed descriptions of the machine as it was originally proposed and finally built and used.

The three brethren principally involved in the odometer project were Orson Pratt, William Clayton, and Appleton Harmon. Just ten days and seventy-five miles out of Winter Quarters, Brother Clayton recorded in his journal:

"I walked this afternoon in company with Orson Pratt and suggested to him the idea of fixing a set of wooden cog wheels to the hub of a wagon wheel in such order as to tell the exact

number of miles we travel each day. He seemed to agree with me that it could be easily done at a trifling expense."¹

Brother Clayton was dissatisfied with simply guessing how many miles were traveled. He tells us that his estimates were consistently two to four miles less than those of the other brethren, and he was anxious to know "the exact number." Then, too, he was compiling data about the journey: route, terrain, conditions along the trail—water, grass, timber—and of course, the distances between prominent landmarks and campsites. Such information would be near useless if the mileages were not precisely correct.

A few weeks following his conversation with Orson Pratt, Brother Clayton measured the left rear wheel of one of Elder Heber C. Kimball's wagons and found it to be ideal for his purpose. It was 4 feet 8 inches in diameter, hence 14 feet 8 inches in circumference. Three hundred and sixty rotations of this wheel equaled a mile exactly, "not varying one fraction."

On 8 May 1847, near the site of present-day North Platte, Nebraska, Brother Clayton tied a marker on the spoke of his measured wheel (some sources say it was a piece of red flannel) and walked beside it all day long, tallying each rotation. He tells us frankly that the method was "somewhat tedious." At the end of the day he had tallied 4,070 rotations. For the first time, he knew the exact distance they had

traveled: "eleven and a quarter miles—twenty revolutions over." It must have been with considerable satisfaction he learned that his "exact number" was two miles under the estimates others gave for the same day's travel.

Two days later, Orson Pratt discussed Brother Clayton's suggestion with President Brigham Young; then, with the President's approval, he spent the afternoon working on its design.² The machine he proposed used the principle of the "endless screw" or worm gear—a threaded rod set into the teeth of a gear wheel (see figure, A). As the rod makes one complete revolution, the threads pull one tooth of the gear wheel the distance from one tooth to the next. If the wheel were to contain sixty teeth and the rod were to rotate only once for every six turns of the wagon wheel, then 360 revolutions of the wagon wheel would produce one complete gear-wheel rotation. This, of course, is one mile exactly if Clayton's measured wheel were used as the input driver to the mechanism.

The next step in the gear chain proposed by Brother Pratt involved another endless screw at a right angle to the first. Since this feature was difficult to build and install correctly, it appeared on the machine that was built in a modified form.

Once the project was under way, it did not take long to complete. Appleton Harmon, a skilled carpenter and mechanic from Nauvoo, was assigned the task of constructing the machine. He began work immediately, and six days later, 16 May 1847, the odometer was installed and operating.

The only description we have of the completed odometer is in William Clayton's journal.³ He wrote: "About noon today Brother Appleton Harmon completed the machinery on the

wagon called a 'roadometer.'

... We are now prepared to tell accurately the distance we travel from day to day which will supercede the idea of guessing and be a satisfaction not only to this camp, but to all who hereafter travel this way."

Using the accompanying diagram as an aid, let me paraphrase his description of the odometer: As the measured wagon wheel turns, a cog on its rotating wheel hub strikes one of the projecting arms of the mechanism's drive rod. Six turns of the wagon wheel produce one complete rotation of this rod (see figure, B). With each rotation of the rod, the threads at its upper end draw by one tooth of the 60-tooth gear wheel. One complete rotation of this wheel, therefore, represents 360 (6 times 60) rotations of the wagon wheel, or one mile.

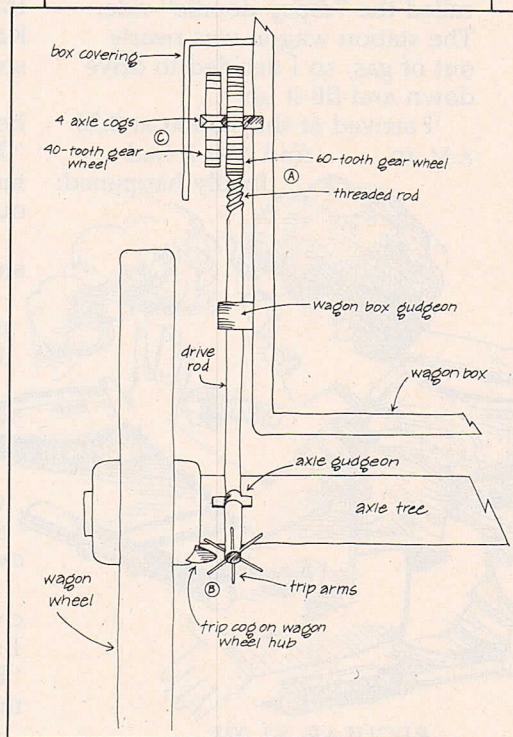
The axle of the 60-tooth gear wheel has 4 cogs cut into it. These work on a second gear wheel of 40 teeth (see figure, C). With every rotation of the 60-tooth wheel, four teeth of the 40-tooth wheel will be drawn by, each representing a quarter of a mile. One complete rotation of the 40-tooth wheel, therefore, represents ten miles. If the day's journey were more than ten miles, the odometer would pass through its initial position for that day and continue rotating.⁴

The fact that the whole mechanism was encased in a protective box, 15 by 18 by 3 inches, gives us some idea of the size of the gear wheels. To fit within those dimensions, they could not have been larger than 10 inches in diameter and not more than 1 inch thick.

But to know how the odometer worked is one thing; to know the detailed specifications of con-

struction is quite another. This we cannot know, since the original odometer with its three moving parts is lost. I have searched for these items without success. It would be exciting indeed if these original pioneer artifacts could be found.

The machine pictured on page 31 of the 1980 Gospel Doctrine manual, *My Kingdom Shall Roll Forth*, is indeed a pioneer odometer, but it is not the one made in 1847. It was built in 1876 by Thomas G. Lowe of Franklin,



Idaho. Actually, the original pioneer odometer was not the first such device invented, although many published accounts have so stated. Odometers of various designs were in common use in the United States and in Europe at the time the pioneer machine was made.

William Clayton's odometer was successfully used by the first pioneer company in measuring the distance from western Nebraska to the Great Salt Lake Valley. On 17 August 1847 he

joined a company making the return trip to Winter Quarters. He had received instructions from President Young to again measure the distances along the trail and make them available "for public benefit." To do this, a new odometer was built which would count up to 1,000 miles—a 100-fold improvement in measuring capacity. This second machine was built by William A. King.

Arriving at Winter Quarters on 21 November 1847, Brother Clayton wrote:

"I have succeeded in measuring the whole distance from the City of the Great Salt Lake to this place, except a few miles between Horse Creek and the A La Bonte River which was taken from the measurement going up. I find the whole distance to be 1032 miles and am now prepared to make a complete travelers guide from here to the Great Salt Lake."⁵

In March of 1848, Brother Clayton published his *Latter-day Saints' Emigrants' Guide*. Because of its accuracy, it soon became one of the most respected guides of the day. □

NOTES

1. William Clayton, *William Clayton's Journal* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1921), p. 83.
2. Orson Pratt and others, *Exodus of Modern Israel* (Independence, Mo.: Zions Printing and Publishing, n.d.) p. 36.
3. Clayton, pp. 152-53.
4. It is probable that the distances traveled each day were calculated from differences in the relative positions of the two gear wheels on a continuous basis, rather than by resetting the machine to a "zero" position at the beginning of each day. To do this, the individual teeth would need to have been uniquely numbered or marked.
5. Clayton, p. 376.

Family Fun – on a Shoestring

By Miles Bachman

To be precise, it was at 8:40 A.M. on July 28 three summers ago that the energy crunch finally got to me. Until that moment my family had bravely—or perhaps blithely—taken rising fuel prices and rising everything prices in stride. “We have to drive,” I reasoned.

conservation measure.

But July 28 rolled around. We were preparing to leave for a fun day at a well-known amusement park—the one with the monstrous roller coaster and what we called the “dipsy-doodle” ride. The station wagon was nearly out of gas, so I decided to drive down and fill it up.

I arrived at the station at 8:36 A.M. to find that it had finally happened:

a gas war. Suddenly the expenses I could look forward to for this day in July ran through my head: gas, \$20.00; parking at the amusement park, \$1.50; admission for the whole family at \$8.50 a head, \$59.50 (suddenly the amusement park didn’t seem all that amusing); hot dogs and junk food, at least another \$10.00—that’s something like a hundred dollars! At 8:40 A.M. I made a resolution.

“Two bucks worth,” I said.

When I got home and drove straight into the garage, swung down the big door, and propped the wheelbarrow against it, Karen knew right away that something was wrong.

I went over the details with her matter-of-factly, then sighed, “There’s got to be a way for this family to have a *great* time without spending a hundred dollars.”

“You break it to the kids,” she replied, smiling.

The children were keenly disappointed when they learned that we were not going to the amusement park. But after the initial protests, they settled down sullenly to their usual form of weekend entertainment—the Saturday morning cartoons on TV.

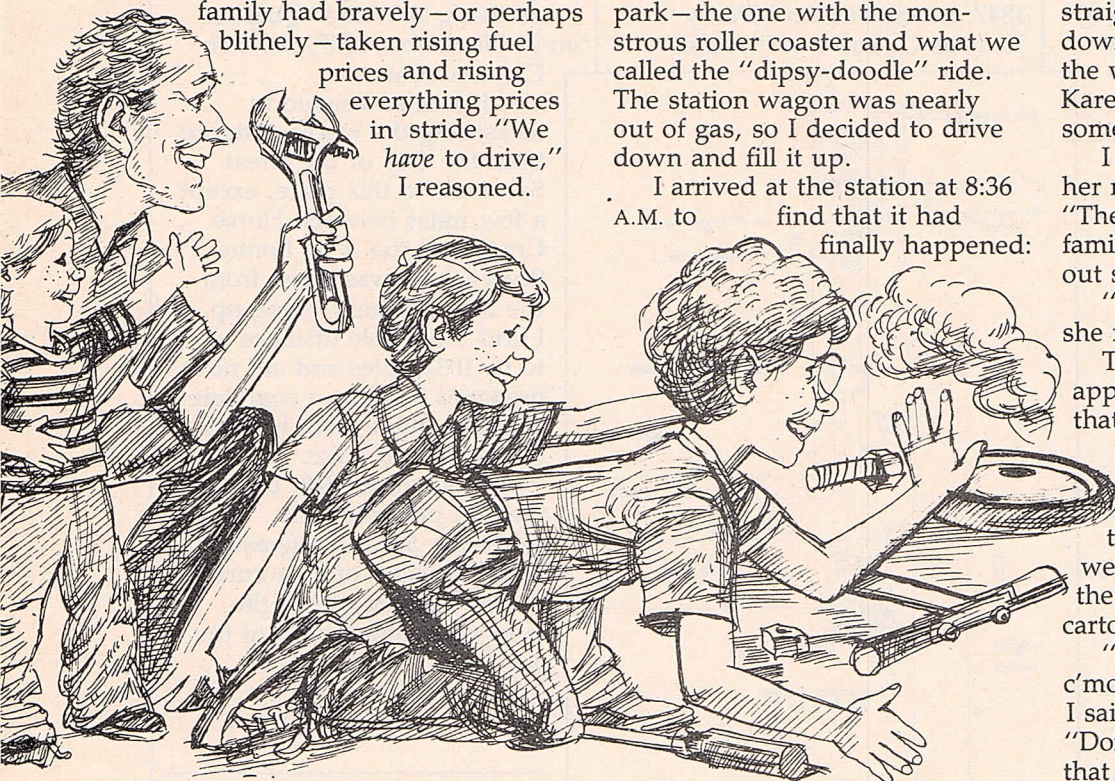
“Aw, c’mon,” I said. “Don’t watch that stuff.”

They switched channels to a game show that in the space of three or four years had gone from innocent to suggestive to downright lewd.

“Come on, guys,” I said. “Turn it off, okay? Let’s go outside—and *build* something.”

“Build what?” they asked. I thought for a moment, then said: “We’re going to build our own go-kart.”

They were interested, so I sent them in different directions for parts, and soon a pile of items began to accumulate on the



“Even if gas goes up to five dollars a gallon, I still have to get to work.”

My wife, Karen, nodded gravely.

Brave words. Gasoline hadn’t even hit one dollar a gallon yet. And the truth is, we were doing a lot more driving than just getting downtown and back. In fact, our life-style hadn’t sacrificed anything at all to the energy shortage, although we had been telling ourselves that removing the decorative lamp from our front yard had been a pretty big

REGULAR, \$1.02⁹

A dollar a gallon! I was stunned. A dollar a gallon in New York was one thing—but right here?

The .9 suddenly irritated me. “Why don’t they just say \$1.03!” I thought. The \$1.02⁹ made it seem like I was being chopped up an inch at a time.

“What’ll it be?” the attendant asked.

I looked at him blankly for a moment and thought back to the time when my dad had bought gas for 15.9 cents a gallon during

driveway. We had an old reel-type lawnmower with an engine that still worked. To that was added a broken-down wagon minus a tongue, a long two-inch by ten-inch board, a short length of rope, and a can of odd nuts and bolts.

We didn't waste time. The children dismantled the lawnmower, saving the engine and the pulley assembly. I took the wheels and axles off the wagon. We sawed the two-by-ten to the length we wanted, fitted two cross-members underneath it, and added axles, wheels, and a makeshift seat. A rope tied through holes on each side of the front cross-member provided steering.

Mounting the engine required the help of a genius of a neighbor, who welded one pulley directly to the right rear wheel and adjusted the engine so that the belt would fit. It was strictly a direct-drive arrangement, with much belt slippage—but it worked. We had to push it to get the engine started, and ram something to stop. But with a top speed of about four miles an hour, even the little ones could handle the kart, and driving around and over obstacles in the vacant lot next door became hilarious and harmless fun. The children named our machine the "Whizzer" and applied about two dozen decals to it.

The result of all this was a mob of kids in the vacant lot, all clamoring for a turn on the Whizzer. I ended up siphoning about half of that two dollars worth of gas out of the car so that they could go on riding the go-kart far into the evening. And at bedtime the children were unanimous in declaring that they would much rather ride the Whizzer than the dippy-doodle.

That was very satisfying. We had invented our own family activity that was a world of fun; we

had spent next to nothing doing it; in good conscience we had used a minimum of fossil fuels; and what's more, dad was a hero.

It occurred to us that we had taken it for granted that what we needed for family fun was a lot of money and the freedom to go a lot of places. But we realized at that point that many great activities cost only a little imagination and a little time.

With that encouragement, we set out to have a lot of fun at home. Right away we found that neighborhood children tended to congregate whenever we started to have a good time, and the empty lot next door became a very busy place.

We tried "kick-soccer baseball" there—the rules being the same as they are for softball, except that there are no bats and the pitcher rolls a soft kickball to the "batter," who kicks it and

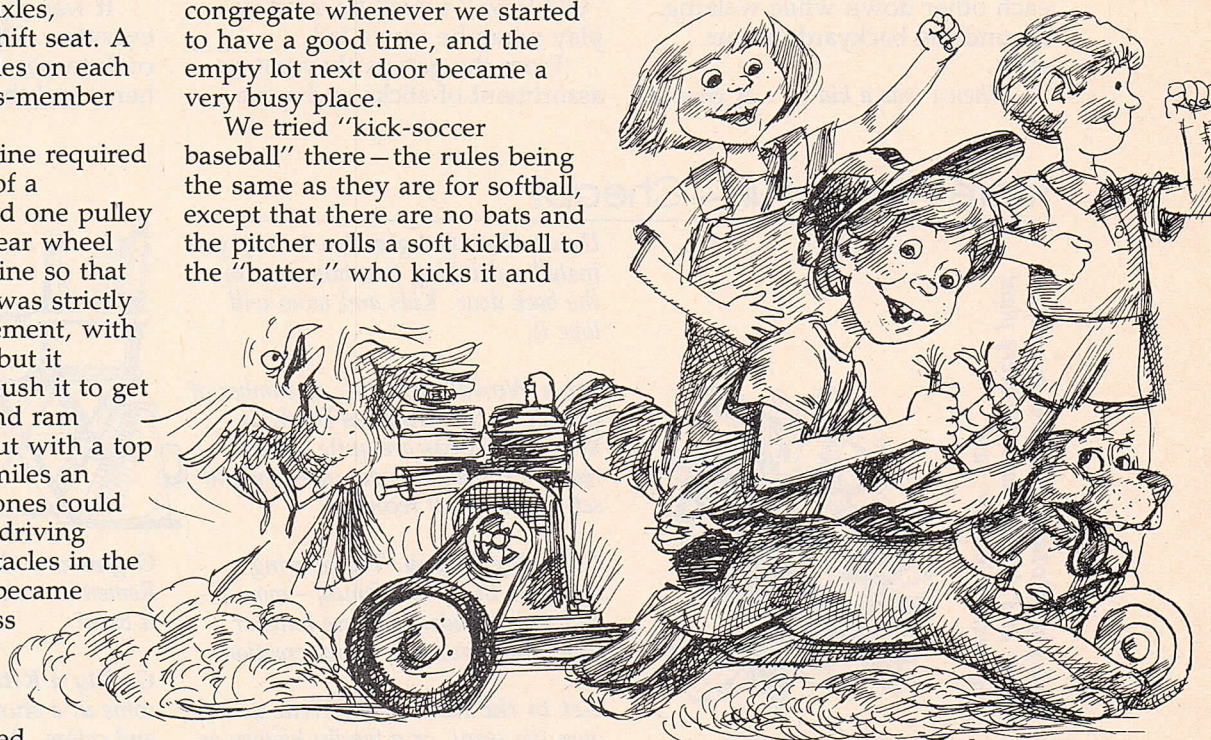
right posts flanked by a battered swing set).

Not every activity has to involve apparatus or complex planning, though. Something as spontaneous as trying to sail paper plates across the living room into a box can be great fun, too.

The other day when it was raining, one of my boys walked through the kitchen carrying a six-foot length of hose.

"What are you going to do with *that*?" I said.

"Oh, nothing."



runs around the bases. Even the little ones were successful at that when we made the fielders stand back.

Then a neighbor built a kind of backyard obstacle course and drew some of the action his way. The largest obstacle looked like a giant sawhorse with three rows of old tires attached to each side. The children could climb over it on the run, military style. They also threw blankets over it to create an instant "fort," where they could retreat after staging a battle in their "jungle" (a series of up-

He ended up using that piece of hose as a trumpet, as a giant pea-shooter, as a limbo stick, and as a siphon hose to drain water from the bathroom sink to the bathtub!

One day a friend and I heard the neighborhood kids complaining that there was nothing to do—that old familiar tune that parents find so incomprehensible on a warm summer day. So we took them down to a creek that trickles by about a block away, and using the kids as laborers we built a dam, piling up

cobblestones and packing the holes with mud and twigs. In about two hours we were jumping about in a shallow pool behind our masterpiece, and when it was time to go home we had more fun kicking the dam down and leaving without a trace.

Another day we made stilts. I hadn't even *seen* a pair of stilts since I was in grade school, but they were easy to make and so much fun that I was amazed I had forgotten about them. When I was a kid, we used to laugh ourselves weak trying to bump each other down while walking around the backyard on our stilts.

When I was a kid . . . A person

doesn't have to consider home-made fun for long before the memories of what it was like in the old days come pouring in. And for those who are fortunate enough to have older folks close by, nostalgia frequently becomes a fun reality.

One day grandma and grandpa came to our place for an outdoor barbecue. The children were constantly underfoot, trying to get into the olives and wondering when the hamburgers would be ready. So grandpa took them in hand to show them a game called "Old Sow," which he used to play when he was a lad.

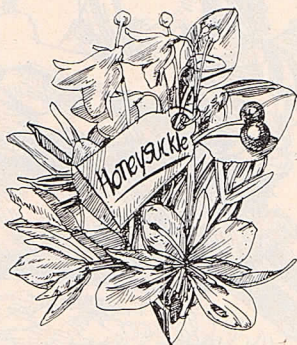
From the garage they got an assortment of sticks and some

small boards for bases. A tin can served as the old sow, and a rock from the garden as the pigpen. The person who was "it" would whack the old sow in an attempt to knock it into the pigpen. The others could try to knock it away, but when anyone left his base, it was up for grabs. When the old sow did hit the pigpen, everyone had to run for the fence and back while "it" knocked the old sow far away and grabbed a base. One player would thus find himself without a base and would then be "it."

It was a great evening for everyone. The children left the cook in peace, grandpa was the hero, and there were plenty of

More Family Fun—Cheap!

Backyard Botany. Find the scientific names and classifications for every plant and creature in your yard.



Ecret-say Odes-cay. A sure-fire hit with the kids: spend an hour making up secret codes.

Aggies and Cat-eyes. Get mom to join in a game of marbles. Use a circle or play an old-fashioned game of "chase."

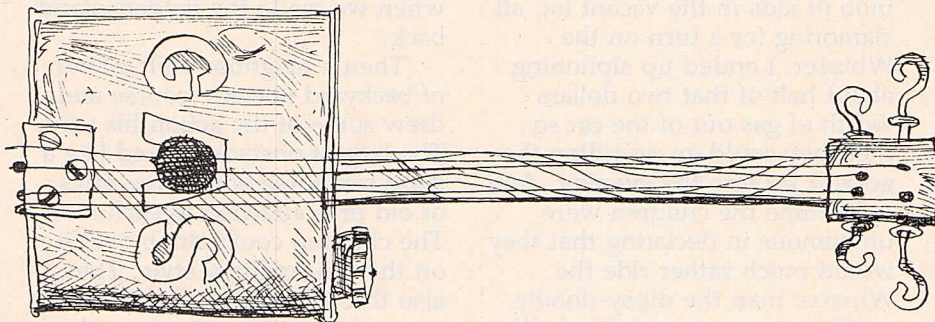
Free Peeks behind the Scenes. Call ahead for a free visit to a farm, dairy, bakery, newspaper or magazine publisher, post office, firehouse, police station, aircraft factory, TV studio, glassmaker, stock exchange, auction, or bank.

Drink Out. Get grandpa to help you install a drinking fountain next to the back door. Kids and mom will love it.

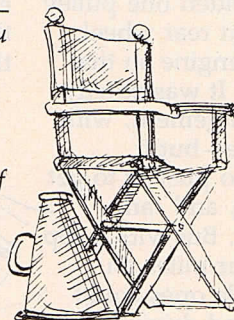
Set a World's Record. A number of records in the Guinness Book of World Records are quite within reach. Or create a new category and set a brand new record!

Color Me Happy. Try coloring books for the whole family—mom and dad included. Or use butcher paper for a freestyle group creation.

Get to the Root of It. Write your own life story, or a family history as far back as you can go.



Let Music Ring. Make exotic musical instruments from odds and ends found in the attic, garage, and workshop.



Hollywood at Home.

Make a movie, using family and neighbors as cast, directors, and make-up crew. Costs are minimal with a home movie camera.

Organize a Family Reunion. Remember when . . . ? How long has it been?

Go Fly a Kite. These days, kites come in a stunning variety of designs and colors. Better get one for dad, too!

olives for dad.

Once during a visit to grandpa's home we went driving in the country, and he took the time to point out and name the many different trees he had known since childhood. We were surprised to find that in our urban setting we had simply lost the vocabulary for trees. He also pointed out the differences in the coloring of horses—something else for which we have lost the vocabulary. Until then we had no idea what a "roan" horse was, or a "bay" or "pinto."

For us, that was a unique experience. We felt something had been added to our mental horizons that brought us closer to the

past, when people seemed to live closer to the earth. And what's more, it was free.

During that same visit, the children got to help grandma fix breakfast. The featured item was "animal pancakes," which they made by carefully pouring out the batter in designs of their own creation. When I came to the table, I was served a camel, a deformed elephant (which had started out as a goat), and a strange creature called a "fire-floater" (it looked like a burst balloon and was nearly black). It was fun, even though the breakfast dishes didn't get washed until noon.

Since that day in July at 8:40

A.M., Karen and I and the family have changed some of our ways. We realize that most of our family entertainment had become money-oriented, ready-made, and expensive. When we did stay home, we usually turned to the television to pass the time mindlessly.

But now that we have begun doing more things at home—together—we realize that in a time when both money and energy need conserving, we can't in good conscience continue to do the things we were doing and plan the things we were planning. And what's more, we don't want to. We're having too much fun! □

The Old Mill Stream. A little tinkering can produce a fascinating waterwheel for a brook, ditch, or gutter.

Backyard Games. Remember kick the can, hide and seek, red rover, tag, ante over, keep away, Simon says, fox and geese?

Neighborhood News. Print a fun neighborhood newspaper, complete with news, cartoons, classifieds, and "Dear Blabby."

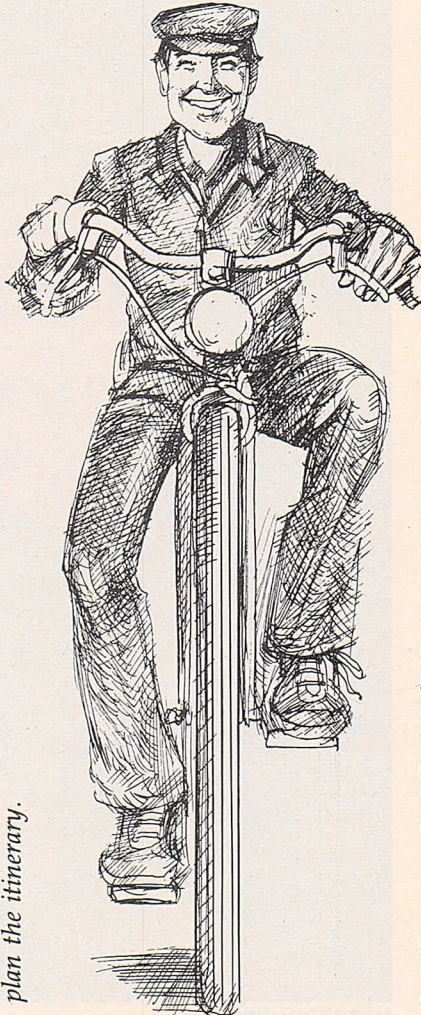
Go to Court. An hour or two in a small claims or traffic court will be fascinating, eye-opening, and unforgettable.

Old-Fashioned Reading. Remember when you used to crowd around your mom while she read *My Friend Flicka* to you?

Go to the Library. Borrow books, records, tapes. (That's ten or twelve dollars that will stay in your wallet.)

Pot Luck. Game for a feast? Let each family member prepare something in secret. Put it together and see what you get. No cheating! □

Pedaling Party. Take a bike tour, either around town or cross-country. Let the kids plan the itinerary.



Let's Talk about It

After reading "Family Fun—On a Shoestring," you may wish to discuss some of the following ideas during a family discussion period:

1. What goals do you have as a family? What kinds of activities could best help you meet those goals?

2. Which activities that your family has enjoyed together do you remember best? Why?

3. What were the fun activities mom and dad (or grandma and grandpa) enjoyed with their families when they were small? What kind of play equipment did they have? Could you adapt any for your next activity?

4. Spend fifteen minutes brainstorming as long a list as possible of as many free—or nearly free—activities that you can think of.

The four of us could never quite understand why mother was willing to put so much emotional energy into keeping us sitting at the piano bench or in front of a music stand. She never seemed to give up; whether it was cajoling, complimenting, castigating, or just counting, she seemed always to be there with the right support for the right moment.

I remember one day in the sixth grade when I left for school in a huff. I had spent my ritual hour at the piano, and mother was bugging me for more.

"Going through the pieces" for an hour a day was just not satisfactory to her. She was determined to get at least some moderate form of concentration and occasionally some improvement. I was through! I grabbed my coat, shouted, "I will never touch the piano again!" and slammed the door with finality.

My family had moved recently from a comfortable, modest home in Idaho to a tiny, garden apartment in Morristown, New Jersey. My father was on a two-year training assignment with his company in New York City, and the family budget was pretty thin. All four of us children lived in one bedroom, with just room enough for the beds. Dixie, a junior in high school and by this time a rather resigned violinist, and Shawna, a third-grader and beginning piano student, slept in a double bed which dominated the room. I slept on a collapsible army cot, and the rest of the space was taken up with Theron's crib. Our clothing was relegated to one small drawer per child in the dressing table squeezed into mom and dad's bedroom.

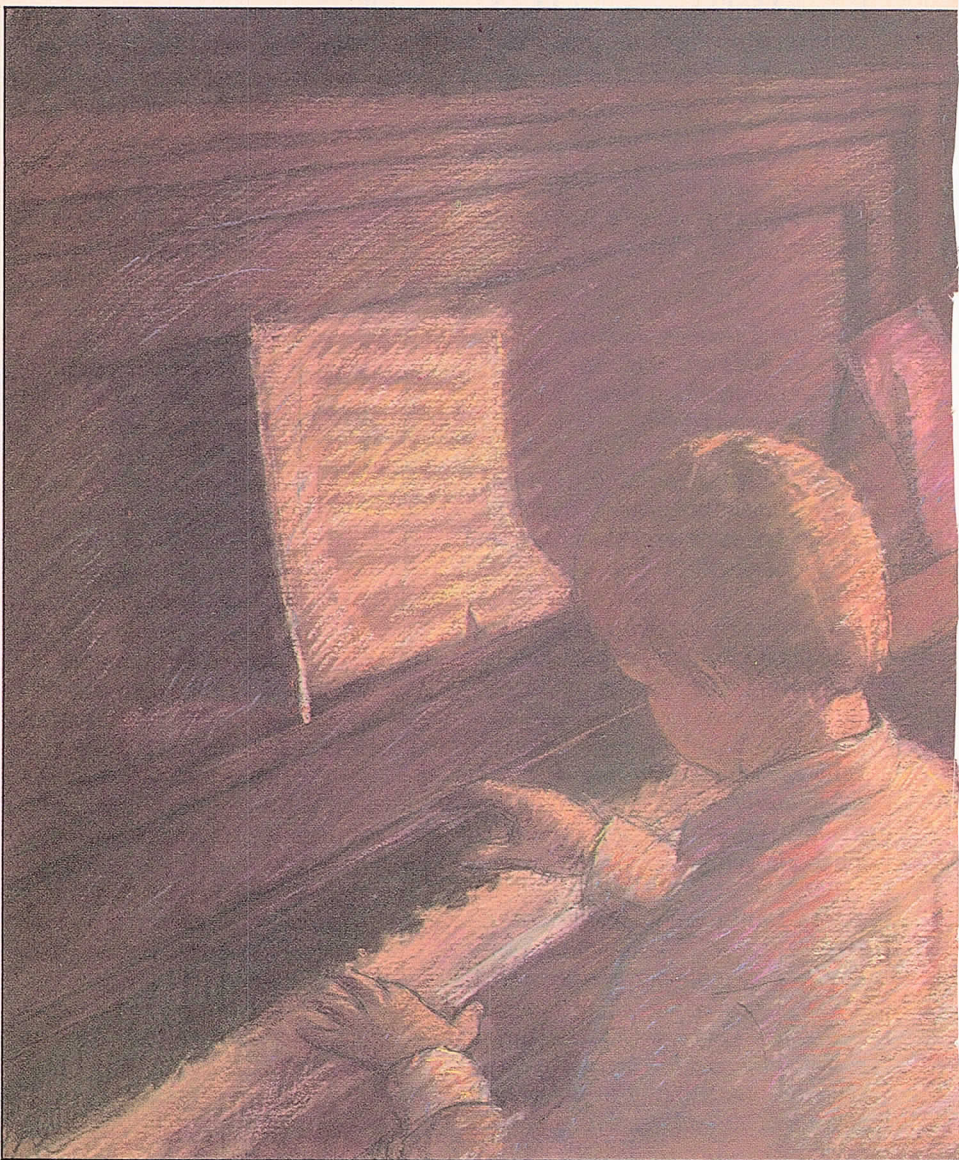
Mother had made one major demand when the company asked dad to take on this new assignment. Our second-hand furniture—mainly the ancient, heavy, upright piano—would have to be transferred to New

York with us. Dad's company consented, and the piano made it as far as the first landing of our second-story apartment. There, standing on end, it could proceed only if we took the wall out—and could exit the building only over

mother's dead body. She got quite a ribbing from us: "Are you going to pay for levitation lessons, too, or are we to study 'sideways' piano from an accordion teacher?" "I get to lie on top when we practice duets!" We all

Steinway in the Stairway

By Clayne Robison



Illustrated by G. Allen Garns

insisted that her major concern was how she could possibly assume her accustomed position on the piano bench next to us.

Parents' council was held in the bedroom one night, and a decision came down: mom and

dad would be going into New York the following Saturday to select a smaller piano that would fit up the stairs. How they ever swung it financially, we have never found out; but soon the most prominent piece of furniture in our tiny living room was a little Steinway spinet with beautiful action and blessedly in tune.

For a few days, there were battles over who would get to practice first. Mom's triumph was short-lived, however, and soon she was back at the piano bench, crocheting and cajoling. She was never really an artist's artist, but she knew what right notes were, and she could tell when the tempo would begin to switch to automatic rather than from the heart. "Now, Claynie," she would say, "it sounds to me as if the horse is running away with the cart a little bit. Slo-o-ow it down, slo-o-ow it down . . ."

It was a moment of glory for her when I was finally able to play well enough to accompany Dixie in church. We always thought it was just because she loved to show us off; but I suspect now that she sensed a musicality in us which she knew she did not possess, and she had to wait patiently until our fingers caught up with our hearts.

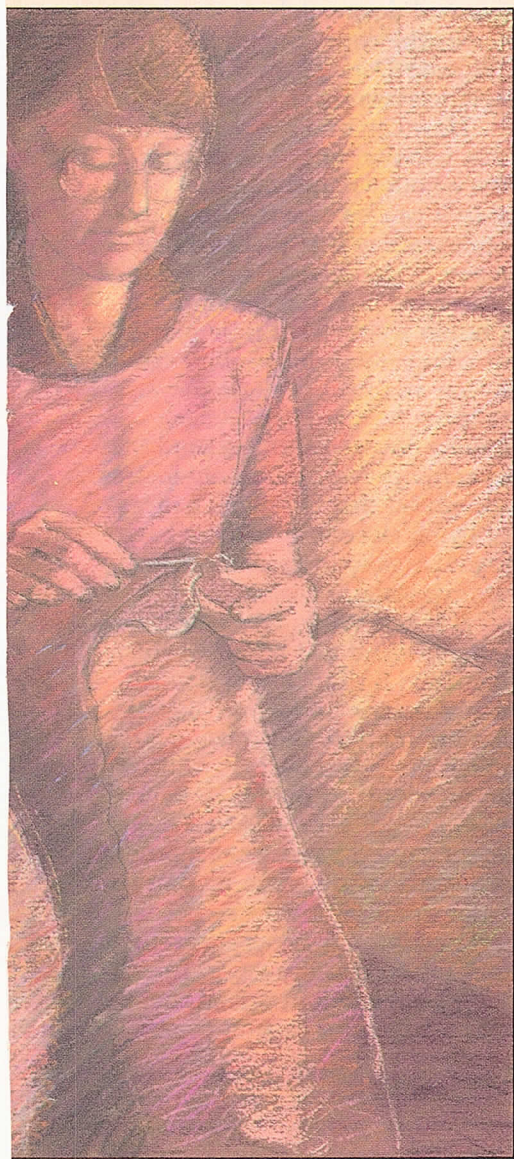
We were permitted some time (after practicing, of course) with radio's Roy Rogers and the Green Hornet. But when the neighbors began to get television sets, our afternoons began to be spent across the court at the neighbors' and mom knew she would have to lure us with another tactic. Emerging from another parents' council, mom and dad announced that they would spend another Saturday in New York City, this time to buy one of those new console record players with a good fidelity radio. Somehow the Longinnes Symphonette and the Whittnaur Choraliers on Sunday and the Firestone hour on Monday evening were not

bringing enough musical inspiration into our home. The old crank-up, army surplus record player had long since worn out all of its replaceable steel needles, and the often-played recordings of "Golden Earrings" and "Little Brown Jug" were scratched almost beyond recognition.

This time, after much pleading by us two older children, it was finally agreed that we would all make the Saturday excursion, as long as we would promise to stay in the car while mom and dad picked out the right model. As I remember, Dixie and I were finally called in to give our artistic approval to the model selected. We came home with two recordings—a 78 rpm album of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, a 9-inch, 33 rpm of short Chopin piano pieces, and a Fritz Kreisler record. The *Hansel and Gretel* was meant to lure us into the opera, and the Chopin and Kreisler were performance models. I had already begun to learn one or two of the Chopin waltzes, and for the next several days I rushed home after school every day to see whether the record player had been delivered yet.

Mom's strategy worked again, this time for several solid months. We quickly wore that long-play record out, along with the fancy sapphire needle. Dad insisted on also buying a half dozen Stan Kenton 45 rpm's, but if he wasn't around, there was never any doubt in our minds what mom's reaction would be if we played anything but classical: "Come on, children, you really don't like that stuff. You are just trying to tease me." She was probably right, but that flashy plastic 45 rpm turntable was an attractive toy.

Mom's best friend was music director in the East Orange Branch, so the Robison children ended up playing everything that was appropriate for church as often as mom's friend could fit us in. And if it wasn't acceptable for



sacrament meeting, we played it in MIA. She was smart enough to know that approval would keep us going.

Nor was dad against the enterprise. After all, his slim budget was covering the payments on those major purchases and the music lessons. He struck a subtle but effective bargain with us: "You can take regular music lessons from the best teacher we can find as long as you will promise to practice an hour a day (we knew mother wouldn't let us out of it, anyway) and perform for company without complaining whenever we ask you." Somehow he made taking lessons enough of a "privilege" to make us willing to suffer the "burden" of stringing out a parade of "Humoresques" and Chopin waltzes for every stray visitor who entered the house.

And there were many stray visitors. I hardly remember a Sunday dinner when somebody wasn't sharing the table with us—either a new family in the branch or a soldier from the local army base; and there was always a young playmate from the ward for each of us. We would trade off Sunday dinners so that we could enjoy good Mormon companionship for those few precious hours between thirty-mile rides home from Sunday School and back to sacrament meeting. Mom knew that those visits were more important than practicing.

We had a hard time figuring out why our parents were so anxious for us to learn to perform good music that they would assume the financial and emotional pressures involved. And except for the fact that mom probably would have stopped speaking to him, we never could figure out how dad put up with three novices learning to play the violin. He never really loved classical music, and I think if the truth were out, amateur violin playing was particularly distasteful to him. But they both somehow en-

dured the hardships.

There were of course some dangers in their program. What if one of us had really decided to become a professional musician? They were willing to take that risk, although there was never any doubt in our minds that they would feel safer for us if we would pursue a nonmusical career. The concern for music in our home was not for the music itself, but for what it would do for our broader character.

It is only today that I, as a parent, begin to appreciate the vision of those two good people. We always joked about their caring more that we be good musicians than that we be good people; but for Mom at least, those two attainments were inextricably connected. Playing an instrument well led to that kind of discipline which would make a good missionary, a good provider, a good parent. Playing an instrument well would lead you into companionships with children who had also developed discipline, children who had a constructive place to spend their leisure hours. Playing an instrument well would lead you to appreciate the beauty of the rest of God's creations. Playing an instrument well would give you self-respect and confidence in the midst of people. If you could stand up to the roughnecks calling you a "Fauntleroy" because you played the piano and had to practice every afternoon, you could stand up to teenage friends who would tempt you by social pressure into smoking and drinking and throwing around casual caresses. It was a worthy testing ground for all of those preliminary Mosaic virtues of discipline, obedience, and sacrifice.

To be sure, we haven't been perfect. Some of the struggles of living the higher laws of love and charity we have had to discover in other fiery furnaces, and often later in life. We also had to struggle like everyone else for

our testimonies of the restored gospel—but we found ourselves in the right place at the right time to receive those testimonies because we had learned to do what we were supposed to do even when we really didn't want to do it. That I have never been able to miss a priesthood meeting, I must attribute in part to the fact that I was taught the discipline of practicing my piano at least an hour a day. I practiced even when I hated the piano teacher, dreaded the lesson, despised my mother's tenacity, wanted to scream at the grating of violin squeaks in my ear, and yearned desperately to sneak across the court and watch "Howdy Doody" on that exciting new television set.

How can one possibly weigh that parental gift to us against the emotional and financial hardship it caused them? Although I honestly feel that there will be many in the celestial kingdom who have no appreciation for a Chopin waltz beautifully played, or who cannot differentiate between an organ prelude played to bring tears and one which merely covers the noise until the opening prayer, I am nonetheless convinced that my own chances of living close to the Spirit have been tangibly increased because of my mother's vision.

It was a vision that never faltered. And as I bounded up the stairs for lunch that day so many years ago, having almost forgotten my promise never to touch the piano again, I noticed an envelope on the piano bench with my name on it. Mom had spent a good part of her morning writing a loving, encouraging letter to me. It must have been ten pages long. I read it carefully and sat down to practice. She didn't have to join me on the piano bench for several days. □

Clayne Robison, associate professor of music at Brigham Young University and father of six, works with the young men in his Provo, Utah, ward.

Sharing

Singing a Prayer

As I knelt for prayer one night with my four-year-old son, Aaron, his simple faith touched my heart and reminded me of the true purpose of prayer.

Aaron began with his usual thank-thee-fors and then said, very simply, "And I'd like to sing you a song, Heavenly Father." He then sang the entire first verse of "Families Are Forever." After he had finished singing, he continued praying as though nothing unusual had happened.

I often remember that prayer. It encourages me to make my own prayers meaningful conversations with my Heavenly Father. —Linnea Ketcher, Merced, California

My Crochet Thread

Our daughter Dianna has started to crochet. I learned at about the same age and enjoyed doing all sorts of needlework; but the demands of motherhood required me to reluctantly pack the crochet thread away until life slowed down a little.

Many times through the years I took the well-marked box off the shelf and got a ball of thread, but not for crocheting. It was used to wrap packages for mailing; mark rows in vegetable gardens; surround newly planted lawn; suspend mobiles from the ceiling; fly Cub Scout kites. Each time thread was removed for such a purpose, it was done with a little sadness and, sometimes, even resentment. That's not what it was intended for!

Then, as the supply of thread dwindled, a thought came to me which replaced any uneasiness associated with its use. My husband and I share a common goal of reaching the celestial kingdom with our five children. We know this will require a lifetime of working, loving, sharing, studying, praying, understanding, learning, and more. For an instant, these qualities became



like beautiful threads in my mind, weaving us into a solid family unit as we progressed toward our goal. My crochet thread was interwoven with these other threads, working out the most intricate pattern it had ever undertaken. Packages, gardens, mobiles, and kites became lovely patterns in the evolving fabric.

This was the perspective I needed. I hadn't stopped crocheting, after all!

The time has not yet come for me to resume needlework; but with Dianna's increasing interest, I can begin to restock the thread box. In the meantime there are more gardens to plant and more kites to fly! —Beatrice S. Hodson, Midland, Michigan

Learning the Simple Truths

When I was called to be a Primary teacher, my heart sank and a hard, swollen lump formed in my throat. A convert of only a few short months, I had looked forward to holding a Church position. But teaching in the Primary? There were countless other Church positions far more attractive to a college freshman. What could have inspired that calling? I accepted with feigned

enthusiasm.

As I was awaiting my turn to be set apart, I silently asked my Father in Heaven to somehow help me understand. The words of the blessing gave me the answer—and the Spirit bore witness to them: "You have been called to teach in the Primary so that you may learn the plain and simple truths that you were unable to learn as a child, because you were not a member of the Lord's Church. . . ."

As the pride and doubt in my heart dissolved, a feeling of love encircled me—love for my Heavenly Father and for the children he had entrusted to my care. I would never again doubt his infinite wisdom and love for me. —Patti Jean Angus, Delco, Idaho

She Gave Me Her Handkerchief

I'll always remember the lovely gift my Relief Society visiting teacher gave me when my son passed away. Her mother, before becoming blind, had crocheted the borders of a number of beautiful linen handkerchiefs. "There will come times in your life when you can't think of a gift to give," she told her daughter. "Use these for those special occasions."

As we stood greeting friends and loved ones at my son's viewing and during an extended hour and a half beyond the scheduled time, a surging of strength filled my being as I squeezed the beautiful white handkerchief tightly in my palm. It continuously reminded me of the genuine concern, the kind support, and the unfeigned love of a true sister in the gospel. It silently assured me that I was not alone. And the next day it sustained me throughout the funeral services. For two days I clasped securely in my hand that very meaningful gift from my visiting teacher. —Carolyn Joyner Freebairn, Salt Lake City, Utah ☪

"I Have Work Enough to Do" (Don't I?)

Most Latter-day Saints are in the habit of being busy. Our families, our Church responsibilities, and our professions vie for our time with their legitimate but never-ending demands. Many of us long for the days when we didn't feel pulled in so many directions—remember when you were *glad* to find out the phone was for you? But with all the frustrations of our crowded lives, we still value work as a blessing and a privilege. We work hard; we are pleased with our achievements, our endurance.

Yet at times we may feel that this attitude toward work victimizes us rather than helps us. Somehow, no amount of work ever seems to be enough. One minute we are thinking, "I have more tasks than anyone could possibly fulfill." The next minute we are thinking, "I probably, somehow, ought to be doing more."

Even when we do find some non-working time, the feeling that we should be working often seems to plague us. Perhaps you have had a grandmother arrive at your home for what was supposed to be a vacation, but after a quick look at dust in the cupboards or smudges on the windows, she spent her vacation scrubbing instead of resting. Or you've observed how easy it is for someone to ruin a perfectly good Monopoly game by saying, just as you are buying Boardwalk or passing Go, "You know, we *could* all be working on our personal histories."

If this compulsion for work is something you recognize in your own life, you will understand the heroine's dilemma in "It Was Friday Afternoon," a delightful short story by Brigham Young University graduate Lisa Muehle. The story tells of a BYU student who realizes that her classes are over for the week, and she wants to spend her Friday afternoon in the best way she can. She longs for a nice nap; after all, she's been up much of the night finishing a term paper, and so a nap would be in keeping with the Word of Wisdom. But then she remembers that a recent fireside speaker had reminded them of the wholesomeness of wheat and of the importance of making bread; maybe she should bake some bread that afternoon. But what about physical fitness? Jogging was supposed to be part of her Pursuit of Excellence program, and she had been lax in that commitment. And then there was her scripture reading—she had let that go, too. On the other hand, she really ought to finish her visiting teaching reports right away, or it would be an excellent time to write in her journal. She also thinks of the possibility of studying. Then again, her roommate would be grateful if she would finally get around to cleaning her side of the room. But then—weren't all these things unimportant compared with the task of finding an eternal companion? After all, marriage was a commandment. Maybe she should go over to the cafeteria for the afternoon and



The important distinction between leisure and idleness is ultimately a private one—one person's leisure may be another person's idleness.

By Karen Lynn

see if she could strike up a conversation with a nice-looking returned missionary. But even if she met someone, would she have time to work him into her schedule? She did have a schedule, because she knew that with a schedule you accomplish more. As the story ends, this student gets into her car and finds herself heading south on Highway I-15 toward California, quietly overwhelmed by a desire to transfer to UCLA. (See *Century II*, Feb. 1977, pp. 23-27.)

But Lisa's heroine is wrong if she assumes that this compulsion to work is unique to Latter-day Saint culture. Latter-day Saints did not invent this attitude; rather it belongs historically to the much larger culture of the Western world. Especially during the middle decades of the last century, years when the Church was starting to grow and achieve its identity, most persons who had come to America or were in America were anxious to prove their worth through work. Conveniently, this idealization of work fed a very practical need in the early decades of the Church to give virtually every available minute simply to survive. And it was also consistent with Latter-day directives from the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer. . . .

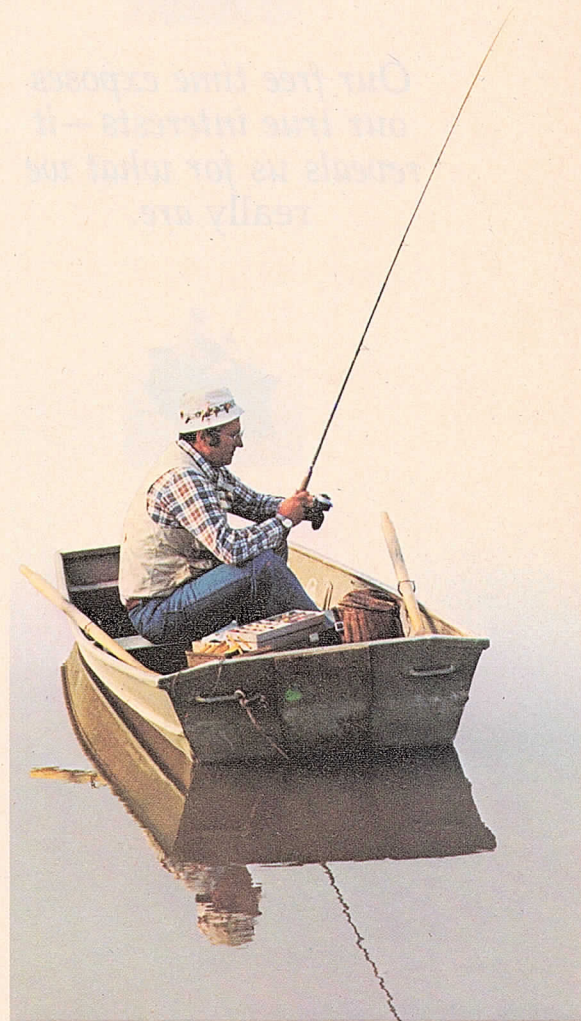
"Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to

pass much righteousness." (D&C 42:42; 58:27.)

The Church is anxious to safeguard this general attitude as an important foundation for a productive and constructive life; and to this point in history, so are many other groups. Though we may be quite persistent in preaching the value of work, and though sometimes we may stress different purposes for work, we share basic assumptions with much of the Western world in general.

Yet as Latter-day Saints and other groups have adopted the work ethic into their lives, some people have come to idealize work and its material rewards as the *entire* meaning of life. They have judged leisure and contemplation as not only useless, but actually sinful. This attitude assumes that self-sacrificing dedication to work will always bring happiness, and it often assumes further that material success is correlated with individual virtue and deservingness.

Under the influence of this somewhat distorted interpretation of work's meaning, work today has become central to the definition of individual human identity. "And what do you do?" is often the first question we ask a new acquaintance, and the answer to that question seems to answer many unspoken ones about that person's status, values, and respectability. Some people even describe themselves pleasantly as "workaholics," though the term



*Our free time exposes
our true interests — it
reveals us for what we
really are.*



suggests an obvious parallel with an addiction that is not admired.

Certainly the work ethic fosters many worthy motives and goals. But because some misinterpret it to mean that any hour not materially productive is an hour wasted, it can betray us into some false and harmful notions. I would like to refer to two of these false assumptions.

The first of these problems is that our too-intense valuing of work has the unfortunate effect of poisoning our leisure. We are afraid of leisure, of unstructured time, of unscheduled hours. I have heard more than one person express misgivings over the consolidated Sunday schedule, simply because they are uncomfortable with the thought of a block of unplanned time, especially on a day of rest. These people seem to believe that unscheduled time is unproductive time. And I overheard a student say one day, "Being busy makes the day go faster." I've worried a lot about that student; her statement is almost frightening. She wished the day to be over; perhaps unknowingly, she wished for the obliteration of time, and saw busy-ness as a means to that obliteration.

The origin of such an attitude is probably the realization that our free time exposes our true interests; it reveals us for what we *really* are. One of two things can happen to free time. It can be leisure, a time to expand the soul and renew the energies. Or it can instead become something very different: idleness. And it's idleness, not leisure, that should make us feel guilty.

When people who know no alternative to work other than guilty, passive, puzzled idleness finally manage to take some time off from work for an hour or a week, their feelings are reflected in a rather disheartening statement by author Rust Hills. He said, "The truth is that the

only way to keep from feeling really terrible is to work. But sometimes it seems easier just to feel really terrible."

Our crucial task, then, is to distinguish leisure from idleness. Let me suggest what I think some of the differences are. Idleness puts us in a passive role, whereas leisure usually calls on us to participate mentally or physically or creatively; idleness merely passes time, whereas leisure fills personal needs; idleness occupies us, but leisure renews us; we put the responsibility for filling our idle time on something outside ourselves, whereas we look within ourselves for our leisure. Of course, these distinctions are ultimately private ones; one person may watch football or read novels only in order to numb the mind and extinguish an afternoon, whereas someone else's approach to football-watching or novel-reading may demand such alertness, such appreciation, that it is the highest kind of leisure.

But always, leisure activity will have, to borrow a phrase from Hamlet, the "relish of salvation" about it. (William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act 3, sc. 3, line 91.) Leisure may mean the salvation of our peace of mind, our physical health, our individuality; and true leisure will be in harmony with spiritual salvation as well. Fortunate is the family whose love of leisure activity can unite them in pursuits that are joyous and praiseworthy and edifying. Such a family can choose many appropriate ways to spend unscheduled Sabbath hours; they welcome those hours as a wonderful gift.

Some of you right now are saying to yourselves, "Wait a minute. When you use phrases like 'planning leisure' and 'attaining leisure,' what you are calling leisure is beginning to sound a lot like more work."

Maybe so; but it is through thought and preparation that we are often able to spend our non-working hours in rich ways. We do have to make decisions about our leisure, and we also have to make decisions about accepting leisure into our lives. Obviously, leisure isn't leisure if we'd rather be working. One faculty member at the University of Chicago Medical School tells his students that if a patient is suffering from overwork and exhaustion, they should not prescribe a rest cure unless they are certain the patient can stand it. And some can't.

Like the problem of the loss of true leisure, our second problem grows out of the work ethic's misleading emphasis on production. Since our work, according to Western culture, has become a way to validate ourselves as human beings and prove our worth, it seems important to have tangible proof of our work. A missionary wants to be able to point to the converts he has taught; a gardener wants beautiful flowers and vegetables as undeniable evidence of his fine gardening; an employee wants a high salary to prove that society values his work.

The problem is this: Can we re-define work as something that may not bring a new car or a promotion, that may not result in a mowed lawn or a clean oven? Do we value work less if its results are intangible? Can we not value greater sensitivity, greater cultural awareness, and personal growth—results that we probably can't sell, eat, or show off? I think every Latter-day Saint must deal with this question very seriously. If we are constantly preoccupied with tangible rewards, some tragic things may happen to our motivation or even to our activity.

I've always taken great pleasure in remembering an incident from a trip to Spain several years ago, during the first

months of missionary work in that country. In Córdoba we met two missionaries. We asked them how the work was going—have you had any baptisms, we asked? No, they said, they hadn't had any. How about contacts—are you teaching anyone? They said no. They had had one contact, but he was a member of the Spanish Civil Guard, and he knew he would lose his job if he joined the Church. So the missionaries weren't teaching anyone at the moment. Yet as they told us how difficult and apparently unproductive the work was, these elders radiated cheerfulness and fulfillment. I'm sure they would have liked to write their mission president and their parents about the many families they were baptizing. But it was obvious that these two remarkable young men were determined not to construe the successes of their missionary work in terms of external signs. They had achieved such a level of integrity and maturity that they could serenely carry on with the work, developing themselves personally and spiritually, planting what seeds they could, without worrying what others thought of them. An array of tangible achievements was not essential for them to show other people.

In 1835 Oliver Cowdery gave a special blessing to Parley P. Pratt. The blessing refers to the immense labors that lay before Elder Pratt, with the motives for them, and with the kinds of rewards he could expect for them: "Your calling is not like that of the husbandman, to cultivate a stinted portion of the planet . . . [who] when . . . mellow autumn [has] ripened his fruit, gathers it in, and congratulates himself . . . while he anticipates his winter evenings of relaxation and fire-side enjoyments. But, dear Brother, it is far otherwise with you. Your labor must be

incessant . . . you must go forth and labor till the great work is done. It will require a series of years to accomplish it; but you will have this pleasing consolation, that your heavenly Father requires it; the field is His; the work is His." (*History of the Church*, 2:192.) That's how simple it is. The highest motive for such work is not fear of leisure or love of gain, but simply that our Heavenly Father requires it. As Nephi tells us, there is only one proper motive for a laborer in Zion—and that is to labor for Zion. (See 2 Ne. 26:31.)

The work ethic as too often interpreted by Western civilization is seductive. It can lure us into buying some shallow, materialistic goals at a high spiritual price; but if we can cultivate our leisure as a time of spiritual renewal, we can rise above motives of nervous compulsion. And as we determine not to be preoccupied with external rewards, we can escape motives of materialism and status.

Our convictions about the meaning of work in our lives influence our decisions, our human relationships, and our whole sense of life's purpose. The values we pass on to our children will be determined to a great degree by the way we would answer one short question: "Does hard work always pay off? No brief answer is adequate. What things are "work"? What kind of "pay" is the most precious?

As Latter-day Saints we know that it is wrong to disdain labor. But we also understand that it is wrong to idealize labor unthinkingly, out of fear of leisure or love of gain. As Jacob cautioned the people of Nephi, "Do not spend . . . labor for that which cannot satisfy." (2 Ne. 9:51.) □

Karen Lynn, associate professor of English at Brigham Young University, is a member of the Church Music Committee.



R.T. BARRETT

Community Service

It Comes Naturally

By Patricia Van De Graaff

Christmas Day, 1980, the Van De Graaff home was alive with activity. The boys were leading in a game of bending, twisting, and lifting. In the corner sat the quiet Vietnamese couple, newly moved to Chicago; their three oldest children entered the game eagerly. Another Vietnamese family, whom we call "ours," sat closer to the action, their seven children squealing with delight; their mother, Cuu, and father, Dau, laughed as they watched the games.

Sandra Mendoza, immobilized in her full body cast, sat on the floor watching, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. Her mother, Dalila, joined the play reluctantly, but it was easy to see that she enjoyed the fun.

At the kitchen table two rooms away sat four young missionaries who had been called to work with the deaf. One is deaf. With them were the newly called president of the Chicago branch for the deaf and his beautiful wife. Their two little hearing children played nearby. Also at the table was Pedro, our "Mexican son." They were all sharing an

intense game of UNO. Our daughter Janet, who is quickly learning sign language, was playing too, and occasional shouts could be heard as a winner was announced.

Lee, a man of seventy-eight who lost his hearing a few years ago and serves the deaf in his Lutheran church as well as in nursing homes, sat watching the action, occasionally wandering from room to room to see what everyone else was doing. He was obviously contented.

It was one of our best Christmases ever. On this day in our home were people whom we have grown to love as our own family. And here we all were together, to celebrate the birth of Him who wants us all to love each other as a family.

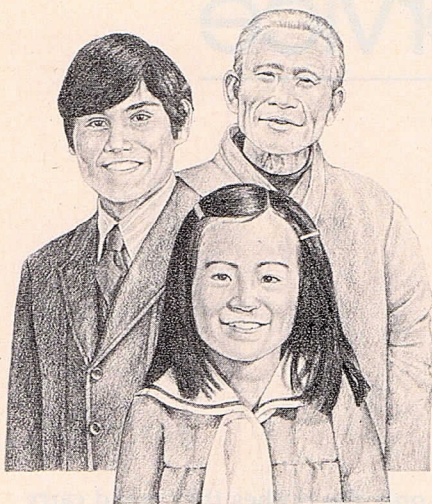
This involvement in service to the community of God's children did not happen because of our goodness; indeed, much of it happened in spite of ourselves.

The quiet family sitting in the corner came from Viet Nam via Houston. When they arrived, we happened to be here to offer help. They came to Chicago on a bus in the dead of winter, with

only the clothes they could carry and not one household item. They moved into an apartment without heat, and promptly became ill. My husband John, who is a dentist, obtained medicine for them, and they stayed in our warm house for a few days. We were able to round up some furniture, household items, and food from members of our ward, and the family were able to brave it again in Chicago.

When our son James left for his mission to Chile, he was assigned to the small town of Belloto, and it was there that he met Sandra and Dalila and their family. James immediately felt part of this loving family, all of whom are devoted members of the Church. When James learned that Sandra had severe scoliosis requiring immediate surgery that was not easily available in Chile, he wrote to his dad, asking if there was something that could be done. John contacted a close physician friend, who was able to make arrangements for surgery at the Shriner's Hospital.

For me, this meant many two-hour trips to the hospital with Sandra and her mother for inter-



Opportunities for community service are all around us — rarely a week goes by that one doesn't pop up.

views, blood work, and examinations; but it was during these trips that I learned much about my son as a missionary, about the strong testimonies of these two dear women, and about the similarities and differences of our two cultures. As my love for them increased, I felt a closeness to my sisters from another land that I would never have thought possible.

In November 1979 we signed up along with many other LDS families as sponsors for Indo-Chinese refugees. Less than a month later, my husband met nine Vietnamese at the local airport. They were frightened and emaciated, and some were sick; but they were all together — father, mother, and seven children, ages one to fourteen. Their two small bags carried all their worldly possessions. When they entered our home, their sandals came off and they all sat on the floor — except Hung, the baby son, who proceeded to clap his hands and dance for us. This made us all more comfortable.

There was no way for us to communicate verbally during the several days they lived in our home, or during the ensuing months of trips to public aid offices, health clinics, employment offices, and grocery stores. Yet somehow the language of love had been understood, our love has grown, and the dependence has changed to a sharing relationship. They try to do everything possible for themselves and also help us whenever they can.

In May of 1978, I was at the ward chapel on a Tuesday morning, busily attending to my Relief Society duties as counselor. There in the foyer sat an unkempt-looking seventeen-year-old Latino boy. It was Pedro. He had heard about the LDS church on a Spanish radio station in Chicago. He had nowhere to go for help, so there he was, sitting on the couch in the foyer. His

clothes were tattered, his long hair matted. In broken English he explained that he was waiting to talk to the missionaries. He had no appointment, and after Relief Society he was still sitting there.

Knowing that our son was home and could speak Spanish, I took him home. Rick called the Spanish branch in Chicago, and before long the missionaries were at our home. Pedro was having some problems with alcohol, but he didn't know how, in the slum areas of Chicago, to get help. He stayed with us for seven months and during that time was baptized into the Church. He is now serving in the Vera Cruz Mexico Mission. His cheerful, optimistic attitude has warmed our hearts in the years since we met.

It has been my privilege to work with many who have served and worked for the deaf in the Chicago area. My involvement as an interpreter in the ward has spanned about eighteen years, and I have seen the program grow from two members to a small branch for the deaf. There was great excitement when four missionaries for the deaf were sent to Chicago just over a year ago. Two were deaf, Elder Engstrom and Elder Gililand. It wasn't long before a branch for the deaf was organized with a dynamic young branch president, Paul Chamberlain. This branch is truly a monument to the people who have worked and sacrificed for many years throughout the Chicago region.

My work with the deaf in the Church has evolved into free-lance interpreting in the Chicago area and some substitute teaching in a local deaf school. It has provided some very interesting experiences — from car repossession to government symposiums.

It is difficult for me to imagine how a person could avoid becoming involved in community

work. The opportunities are all around us, and rarely a week goes by that another one doesn't pop up.

As an example, my interest in drama led me into several ward fund-raising productions. This, in turn, led to three years as a volunteer drama director for the Girl Scouts of our community—which was actually an offshoot of my name getting on someone's "list" because I was cookie chairman one year and troop leader another. From that list, I was contacted by a local community theater, and two of my sons and I worked on a summer production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. I was the costumer, and my sons sat inside the triangular scenery and pushed it this way and that as the scenes changed. They still remember this "community service" fondly. The boys even stashed canteens and cookies inside the scenery; after all, they were stuck there for two hours at a time!

When a young unwed mother lived with us for a few months, we became licensed as foster parents through LDS Social Services. This resulted in four new little babies coming, one at a time, to stay with us until they were placed for adoption. This has been one of our daughter Janet's favorite "community services." She loves to care for the babies, and they have brought out a gentleness in our sons that is wonderful to see. Each boy has asked to care for one of the babies for the whole night, complete with two o'clock feedings.

Attending Parent-Teacher Association meetings is necessary for parents who want to know what is going on in the schools. It also opens doors to new acquaintances and to new ways to serve in the community.

What are some of the things we have learned from our experiences? Well, I must admit it would be more pleasant to take a nap or have lunch with a friend

than to sit all day in a public aid office waiting for service. It would also be nice not to have clean-up duty after seven visiting children have spent the day in our home. But I have learned that children are the same the world over; and oh, I would never have missed those sweet smiles and lovely Vietnamese songs. It would certainly be less tiring to read a good book than to try to communicate in order to diagnose an illness, or to understand the frustration or disappointment that a gentle woman is trying to express in her own language, or to troubleshoot when a boy temporarily "adopted" into the family is too exuberant at MIA. But through it all we have learned again and again that the Spirit helps us *want* to reach beyond our present capacities and gives us new desires as we stretch our lives to accommodate the Lord's will.

We have learned that no matter how much one gives, one always receives more in return. In January we enjoyed a delicious and artistic Vietnamese dinner after Cuu learned that I was ill. She had invited us to dinner many times; but on this occasion she came on the train, in the cold, carrying the ingredients to our home.

We have learned what people can do without and still be hap-

py. We have learned what is really important in this life: our families, our friends, and our faith. We have been blessed to associate with people who truly appreciate every good thing in life that comes to them. My husband held the door recently as we went in to our son Nathan's wrestling meet. Four of us went through the door, but only one said "thank you"—little Hong. She thanks us for everything that is done for her.

We have seen our Chilean sister kneel in prayer with tears streaming down her face as she asks our Father in Heaven to make her daughter's operation possible so that she can live. And we have seen her faith and the faith of her daughter as they have faced their ordeal.

We have seen the isolation of the deaf and their frustration in trying to express their feelings or needs, and we have laughed with them when their optimism and love of life shines through.

We have come to see that when we give care and love to others, there is no way that we can help *not* being involved in the community. □

Patricia Van De Graaff, mother of five and a teacher of the deaf and those with learning disabilities, is Relief Society Cultural Refinement teacher in her Glencoe, Illinois, ward.

Let's Talk about It

After reading "Community Service: It Comes Naturally" individually or as a family, you may wish to discuss some of the following questions during a gospel study period:

- 1. The article refers to community service as "involvement in service to the community of God's children." How does that differ from the usual definition of community service?*
- 2. What three things did this family discover to be the things that are "really important in this life"? Can you find any scriptures that would lend support to this discovery?*
- 3. Did this family always find their service easy and convenient? Have you had an opportunity to serve in the community? If so, what were the rewards?*
- 4. What are some of the opportunities for community service in your location, and how might you get involved?*

We Adopted Some Grandparents

By Brent D. Cooper


Our family, like many others, has had the experience of adopting a child. Over the past two years, however, we found a new experience in adoption—we “adopted” some grandparents.

We live a considerable distance from our own grandparents. Our six children are fortunate if they see them more than once a year. They love their grandparents very much, enjoy visiting them, anticipate and remember visits, and try to keep in touch through telephone calls, letters, and pictures, but distance is simply a tough restriction and limitation on the relationship between our children and our parents.

As my wife and I talked about

this situation, we concluded that we wanted our children to learn about family traditions, family history, values, the aging process, illness, death, and life changes by experiencing them with loving older persons. The question was, how? That was when we came up with the idea to adopt some grandparents closer to home. Of course, these special people do not replace our own parents in our children's minds. Our children know that they belong to our parents by being born in the family and that there is more than enough love to go around—for us, for our children, and for our adopted grandparents.

We acquired our first set of

A photograph of a wooden chair with a quilted cushion and a handwritten sign. The sign is pink and has the text "WANTED: A GRANDMA AND GRANDPA" written in purple marker. The cushion is green and white with a floral pattern. A large green fern is in the background.

WANTED:
A GRANDMA
AND GRANDPA

"adopted grandparents" more by chance than planning. Our eight-year-old daughter asked to accompany me on my next visit to the "place where old people live," a retirement home in our ward boundaries. It was an imposing structure on a hill with beautiful trees and gardens. I had visited with several couples periodically and usually related interesting bits of information about my visits when I came home. One couple was especially stimulating. They had no children and had been converted to the Church late in life. We had shared some good visits and I had had a wonderful experience in giving Sister Geiger a blessing.

Michelle was full of questions about the home as we drove up the hill past the guard. I sensed her awe of the huge buildings and gardens and her uneasiness with the older people who spoke to us as we walked up the broad steps and waited in the parlor. She held my hand as we followed Brother Geiger up to their apartment. After introductions she sat nervously on the edge of her chair while we adults chatted, but Sister Geiger asked Michelle a few questions and showed her some exquisite needlework. Michelle has a cat and loves stuffed animals so she was soon admiring Sister Geiger's porcelain cats. We left with Michelle promising to return soon.

All the way down the hill Michelle bubbled over with ideas about things she wanted to make for her new friend, Sister Geiger. All week she coaxed me to take her back. Her enthusiasm was so contagious that her five-year-old sister asked to accompany us on the next visit. Both came away enchanted.

Gradually our whole family began to make the visits. Our three-year-old son was especially taken by Brother Geiger and always wanted to sit on his lap. Their names appeared in the

children's prayers soon after the visits began, and they remain there to this day. Ryan can't remember *Cooper, Chamberlain, or Geiger* but we know all are accounted for as he blesses "grandpa and grandma and the other grandpa and grandma and the other grandpa and grandma."

Soon we felt at home. When the switchboard operator saw us coming, she would call the Geigers and say, "The Coopers are here to see you," and then tell us to go on up. The children would skip down the halls saying "hello" to all they met and competing to push the elevator buttons. When we watched a movie in the home, our six small children were patted by others, given treats, and showered with attention. They loved it.

Our children made gifts, wrote notes, and prepared songs to sing and play on the violin just to make Brother and Sister Geiger happy. Holidays were enlivened with special activities for them. The Geigers reciprocated with cards and letters on special occasions and little treats when we visited. In a short time and in a natural sort of way, they became "Grandpa and Grandma Geiger."

The Geigers gave our children experiences and blessings we as parents could not have provided. Each visit was a learning experience. The younger children felt the warmth and affection of being loved by someone other than parents and teachers. Our two older girls have pled tearfully with the Lord during Sister Geiger's illnesses and operations. They have recognized some facts about the life cycle and the limitations of age from what they have seen and heard in their visits.

An excellent by-product of our visits has been concern for people outside the children's natural circle. Our whole family has passed from uneasiness to

genuine comfort in the presence of older people we know. In fact, we didn't realize how deep these feelings were until we had to relocate three-thousand miles away. Our farewell at the home of Brother and Sister Geiger was a tearfilled, moving experience for us all.

Since our relocation, the Geigers have remained in our children's prayers right along with the natural grandparents. The children send loving messages to them, and the pictures they give are identical to the ones they send their natural grandparents. One of Sister Geiger's porcelain cats sits in our living room, now transformed into a bank for missionary funds, a treasured possession from an adopted grandmother who wants to help remind her "grandchildren" of a future duty.

This marvelous couple have been a real blessing in our lives, but now *they* are three thousand miles away. They taught us, though, that the more we love, the more we *can* love.

This lesson inspired us to begin a search for another set of adopted grandparents. We discussed the matter for several weeks and then decided to ask for guidance. Two days after our family prayer on the matter, we were out working in the back of our acreage in the garden and a retired gentleman farmer living on the adjacent 80 acres drove up on an old tractor.

He and his wife lived on their family farm in a hundred-year-old house—no children, no grandchildren. By the time the first day was over, we knew our prayers had been answered. A warm relationship quickly developed. In time, we shared garden produce, kittens, walks in the woods and holidays. For us, the finding has been well worth the seeking. □

Brent D. Cooper, an employee of Welfare Services in Salt Lake City and father of seven children, lives in American Fork, Utah.

The Unlikely Daniel Webster Jones

First Spanish Translations from the Book of Mormon

By Jack McAllister

Orphaned at the age of eleven, Daniel Webster Jones launched himself West in 1847 with a company of Missouri volunteers, off to fight in the Mexican War. "Gambling, swearing, fighting, and other rough conduct" were the order of the day and, like "white men generally, I looked upon all Indians as fit only to be killed." (*Forty Years among the Indians*, Salt Lake City, Utah: Juvenile Instructor Office, 1890, pp. 18-19. Other references to this autobiography will be cited parenthetically in the text.) Thus, Daniel Webster Jones seems an unlikely choice to join the Church, spend forty years proselyting among the Indians, and with little formal training in Spanish help make the first Spanish translations from the Book of Mormon. As it turned out, he was a good choice for all three.

He does not talk about his early life, but somewhere he had gained a strong belief in God. During the three years he spent in Mexico with the American army, he "took part in many ways in the wild, reckless life that was common in that land" but still refrained from "strong drink and other worse vices that I could see were destroying the lives of my associates." (pp. 18-19.)

Because of his life-style, he says, "I felt condemned, and often asked God in all earnestness to help me to see what was right, and how to serve Him; telling Him I wanted to know positively, and not be deceived." In his rough way, he felt that his age was entitled to a prophet too; "that it was not a 'square thing' to leave them without anything but the Bible." (p. 19.)

He left Mexico in 1850 with a large trading company en route to Salt Lake City. On the way, he was badly wounded by a gun accident, but managed to hold on until his companions got him to the Mormon settlements around Provo.

The Latter-day Saints were often the butt of ridicule by travelers of the time, but when he overheard some of his friends reading the Doctrine and Covenants and making fun of it, his "oft-repeated prayer" asking for modern revelation came to his mind. He left his companions, installed himself with an LDS family, and began investigating the gospel as he recuperated. (p.36.) "Everyone was kind and treated me with great confidence," he remembered. "I listened to the elders preaching and soon concluded they were honest and knew it, or were willful liars and deceivers. I was determined,

if possible, not to be fooled, therefore I commenced to watch very closely." (p. 37.) He was particularly impressed by the lack of bitterness that Latter-day Saints felt toward the Indians, in spite of recent battles.

When he learned about the Book of Mormon, "it seemed natural to me to believe it. I cannot remember ever questioning in my mind the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, or that Joseph Smith was a prophet. The question was: Are the Mormons sincere, and can I be one?" (p. 38.) When he decided that he could be, he spoke to Isaac Morley, one of the first members of the Church in Ohio.

It was 27 January 1851 and Brother Morley "was just starting out after a load of wood with his ax under his arm." Remarking quietly, "I have been expecting this," Brother Morley used the ax to chop through a foot of ice—and Dan became a member of the Church.

The next twenty-three years were busy ones. He farmed, traded with the Ute Indians, was ordained a seventy, married Harriet Emily Colton, acted as Brigham Young's interpreter when he dealt with some Mexicans in Sanpete County, helped rescue the handcart pioneers stranded by winter, and contin-



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ued his friendly contacts with the Indians, both as a member of the Church and as a government official.

Then, in 1874, he was summoned to Brigham Young's office and was called on a mission to Mexico. "I had expected this call to come some time. I had both desired and dreaded the mission," he says frankly, knowing how hard a mission would be in Mexico. He and Harry Brizzee were both called and told to prepare themselves. Since "Brother Young said he would like to have some extracts from the Book of Mormon translated," they "began to study and prepare for translating."

Although both spoke Spanish, Daniel "often thought how good it would be to have a native Spaniard to help us." (p. 220.) A few months later, Brother Brizzee brought a stranger, Mileton G. Trejo, who had heard about the Church in the Philippine Islands and had come to Utah to investigate it. He soon was baptized and began translating selections from the Book of Mormon into Spanish with Daniel's assistance and support.

In 1875, Daniel reported to President Young that they were ready to start on their mission. Authorized by President Young, Daniel soon raised \$500 by subscription to print the first set of Spanish selections.

In a later conversation with President Young, Daniel was asked how he proposed "to prove to the satisfaction of the authorities of the Church [none of whom spoke Spanish] that the translation was correct." Daniel offered this trial: they would select a book, Brother Trejo would translate a passage into Spanish, Daniel would take the Spanish translation and, without referring to the original book, translate it again into English. Brother Brigham accepted the trial and, when they provided

the translation again, President George A. Smith, then a member of the First Presidency, "laughingly remarked, 'I like Brother Jones' style better [than the original]. . . . The language is more easily understood.'" (p. 231.)

But that was not the only exceptional experience Daniel had in connection with the translation. He says:

"When the printing was commenced, Brother Brigham told me that he would hold me responsible for its correctness. This weighed heavily upon my mind. So much so that I asked the Lord to in some way manifest to me when there were mistakes [as we proofread the printed sheets]."

"The manuscript as written by Brother Trejo, was at times rather after the modern notion of good style. When I called his attention to errors he invariably agreed with me. He often remarked that I was a close critic and understood Spanish better than he did. I did not like to tell him how I discerned the mistakes.

"I felt a sensation in the center of my forehead as though there was a fine fiber being drawn smoothly out. When a mistake occurred, the smoothness would be interrupted as though a small knot was passing out through the forehead. Whether I saw the mistake or not I was so sure it existed that I would direct my companion's attention to it and call on him to correct it. When this was done we continued on until the same occurred again." (pp. 231-32.)

In September 1875 Daniel left for Mexico in company with his son Wiley, James Z. Stewart, Helaman Pratt, Robert H. Smith, Ammon M. Tenney, and Anthony W. Ivins. The group went on horseback and took with them two thousand copies of their publication, "Choice Selections from the Book of Mormon." (See Eduardo Balderas, "A Brief History of the Mexican Mission, 1874-1936,"

English typescript of manuscript prepared for publication in the Church's Spanish magazine, *LIAHONA*, August 1956. Typescript in possession of Brother Balderas, Church Translation Service Services. Brother Balderas corrects Brother Jones' spelling of Mileton Trejo.)

After several frustrating experiences dealing with local officials, they received permission in Chihuahua to hold a public meeting, and on 8 April 1876 they preached to a group of approximately five hundred persons at the first LDS meeting in the interior of Mexico. After some other attempts to preach the gospel, they returned to the United States, arriving in Salt Lake City on 5 July 1876. Daniel served a second mission to Mexico in 1876-1877, again with Brother Trejo, Brother Pratt, and Brother Stewart. Also serving were Louis Garff and George Terry. Five converts were baptized.

In 1879, Elder Moses Thatcher of the Quorum of the Twelve officially opened the mission, accompanied by Brother Stewart and Brother Trejo. With interruptions caused by political conditions in 1913 and 1926, the mission has operated since.

The first complete translation of the Book of Mormon was finished in 1886 by Brother Trejo and Brother Stewart. Rey L. Pratt, the mission president from 1907 until 1931, revised this translation, assisted by some linguistic questions from Eduardo Balderas. Brother Balderas eventually became the Church's chief Spanish translator and corrected the Pratt edition around 1949 for a new printing. A second revision, begun in 1969 and completed in 1980 by Brother Balderas, has recently been published and is in use in all Spanish-speaking missions of the Church.

Daniel Webster Jones, Missouri orphan, had begun a mighty work. □

Smile — It's Your Turn to Practice

My children are taking music lessons. And would you believe they like to practice? (One even loves to practice!) They aren't prodigies, but their study of music has become a delight for the whole family. Here are some reasons:

1

I'm ready when they are. Often I see toddlers approach a piano and begin to pound on the keys wildly. Is that an expression of genuine interest? I'm not sure, but I do know it's not hard to show them how to touch the keys gently. Soon they'll be ready to learn where "middle C" is on the keyboard; then simple tunes like "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" are just around the corner.

2

The teacher can be friend or foe. When the children are mature enough to handle formal music lessons, I look for someone who will be able to make the music lesson a high point of the week. Qualities I seek in a teacher are musicianship, friendliness, a kind and nurturing personality, creativity, and a sense of humor. It's good to notice if the

teacher's students are progressing well for their age and experience. Getting others' opinions is useful, but deep inside I can usually tell which personality my children will respond to. And I let those impressions count!

3

Practice time and me. I sit down to practice with my children. I really do! Every day before school or play, each child in turn gets my undivided attention at the piano. In this way I can be certain that good habits of learning are being formed. Such habits can be applied, of course, to any aspect of their education.

When they make mistakes, I say, "Oops, try again!" or "Think once more" or "Can you fix that?" My approval comes with big smiles, gentle pats on the back, and sincere compliments: "Good for you!" "You did it!" "You're doing great!" "Aren't you glad?" If a measure needs work, we drill; then when we're finished I draw a small figure like a flower or animal in the corner of the music. The children think it is worth repeating five times to see what I'll draw next.

4

Rewards make it fun! A great fringe benefit to this practice scheme is that I get to "dream up" creative rewards for the children. Most are made from construction paper—an Indian who gets a feather in his headdress each time the child

practices; a mountain climber who reaches a higher peak each day of practice; an ice cream cone that gets another scoop with each completed practice session. Sometimes I reward the children with a handful of popcorn to pop, a few seeds to plant, a swing around the room, or a quick game of basketball outside. Such rewards add a fun boost to our practice efforts.

5

Harvest the applause. On Sunday, as part of our family time together, the children perform the pieces they have just mastered as well as those they are working hardest to learn. The sincere approval of dad and siblings is welcome and wonderful!

6

As I have followed these suggestions, I have seen my older children beginning to sense a genuine love of accomplishment. Their musical pieces are more interesting, and they are learning to practice them effectively. Soon I'll be able to gradually withdraw from their practice sessions, though I'll stay close enough to remain a constant source of encouragement and approval. Learning doesn't have to be drudgery, and with some imagination it can be a real joy. The children are choosing to spend some of their spare time at the piano these days. When I hear them, I smile! □

Marilou Dyreng Myers, Provo, Utah

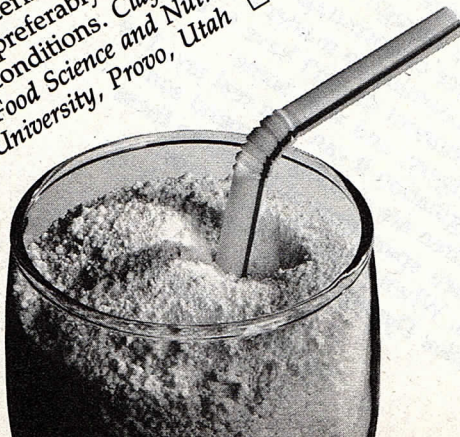
Dry Milk Storage Tips

Nonfat dry milk, included in most home-storage programs, provides a well-balanced protein. It contains all of the essential amino acids (proteins) needed in the diet.

If nonfat dry milk is not stored properly, however—exposed to excessive temperature and humidity for long periods of time—it will darken in color. This indicates a chemical reaction involving milk sugar (lactose) and certain amino acids—among them lysine. When lysine reacts with lactose in nonfat dry milk, the lysine, an essential amino acid, becomes nutritionally unavailable.

Nonfat dry milk is a good storage food because of its low moisture and fat content. Recently scientists analyzed a nonfat dry milk sample which had been stored for twenty years; 70 percent of the lysine was still available. Subsequent feeding studies demonstrated that this old nonfat dry milk still promoted good growth in experimental animals.

In another study, an analysis of low moisture (2.8 percent) samples of nonfat dry milk showed no change in value after a two-year storage period, regardless of temperature. But milk powder with 5 to 7 percent moisture deteriorated within a matter of weeks. Hence, a low-moisture nonfat dry milk should be selected for long-term storage, and the product should preferably be stored under cool, dry conditions. Clayton S. Huber, Department of Food Science and Nutrition, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah □



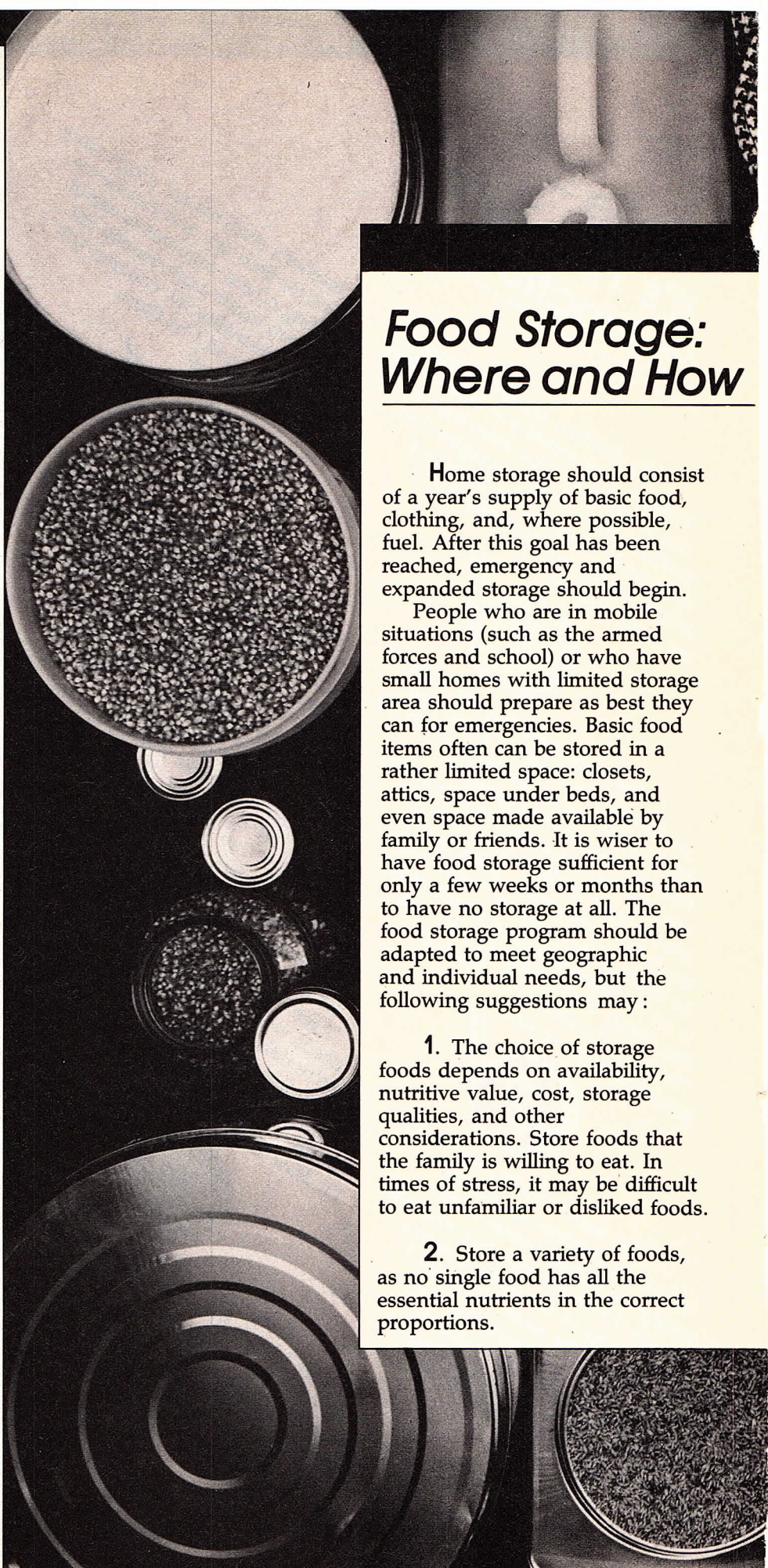
Photography by Jon T. Lockwood

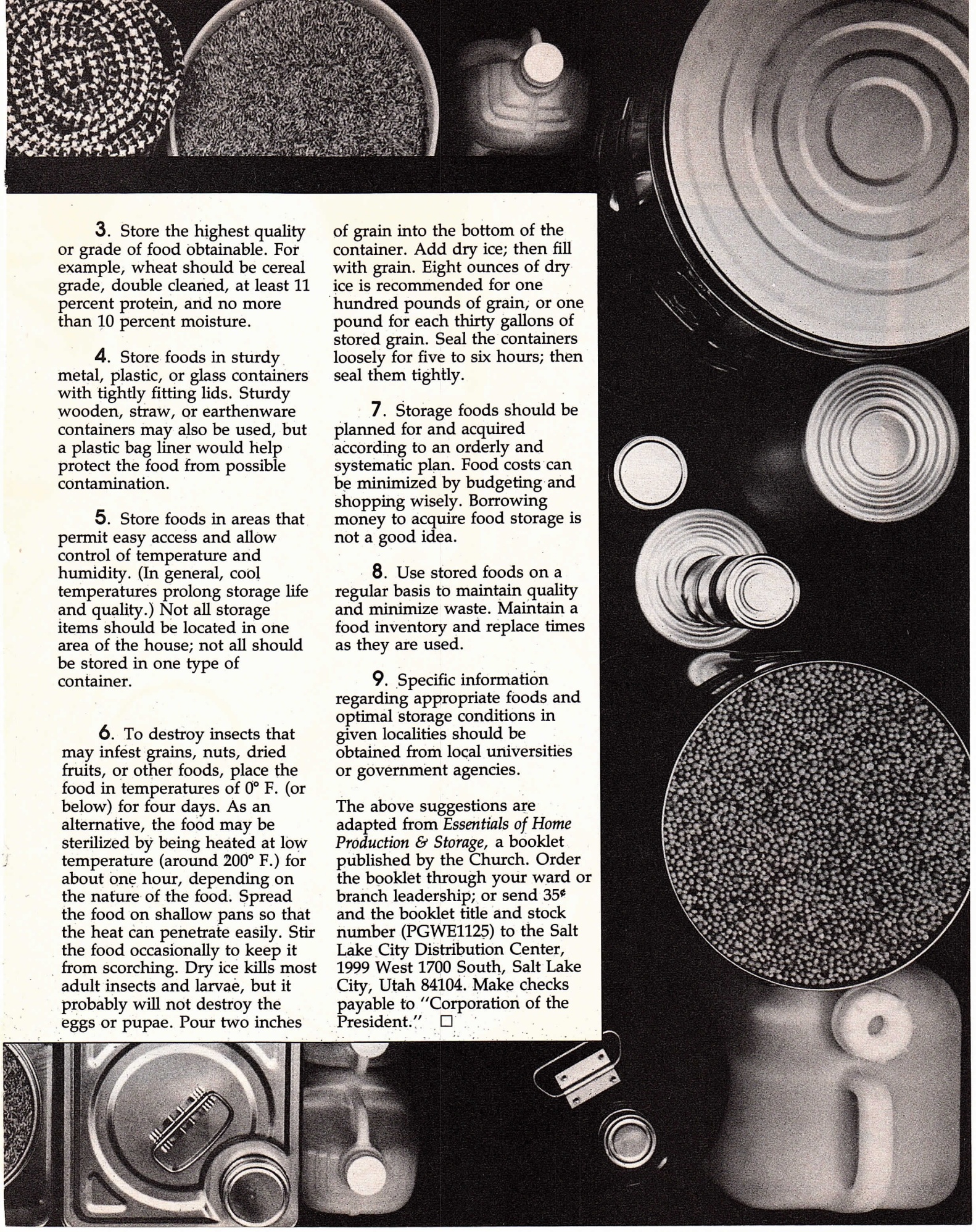
Food Storage: Where and How

Home storage should consist of a year's supply of basic food, clothing, and, where possible, fuel. After this goal has been reached, emergency and expanded storage should begin.

People who are in mobile situations (such as the armed forces and school) or who have small homes with limited storage area should prepare as best they can for emergencies. Basic food items often can be stored in a rather limited space: closets, attics, space under beds, and even space made available by family or friends. It is wiser to have food storage sufficient for only a few weeks or months than to have no storage at all. The food storage program should be adapted to meet geographic and individual needs, but the following suggestions may:

1. The choice of storage foods depends on availability, nutritive value, cost, storage qualities, and other considerations. Store foods that the family is willing to eat. In times of stress, it may be difficult to eat unfamiliar or disliked foods.
2. Store a variety of foods, as no single food has all the essential nutrients in the correct proportions.





3. Store the highest quality or grade of food obtainable. For example, wheat should be cereal grade, double cleaned, at least 11 percent protein, and no more than 10 percent moisture.

4. Store foods in sturdy metal, plastic, or glass containers with tightly fitting lids. Sturdy wooden, straw, or earthenware containers may also be used, but a plastic bag liner would help protect the food from possible contamination.

5. Store foods in areas that permit easy access and allow control of temperature and humidity. (In general, cool temperatures prolong storage life and quality.) Not all storage items should be located in one area of the house; not all should be stored in one type of container.

6. To destroy insects that may infest grains, nuts, dried fruits, or other foods, place the food in temperatures of 0° F. (or below) for four days. As an alternative, the food may be sterilized by being heated at low temperature (around 200° F.) for about one hour, depending on the nature of the food. Spread the food on shallow pans so that the heat can penetrate easily. Stir the food occasionally to keep it from scorching. Dry ice kills most adult insects and larvae, but it probably will not destroy the eggs or pupae. Pour two inches

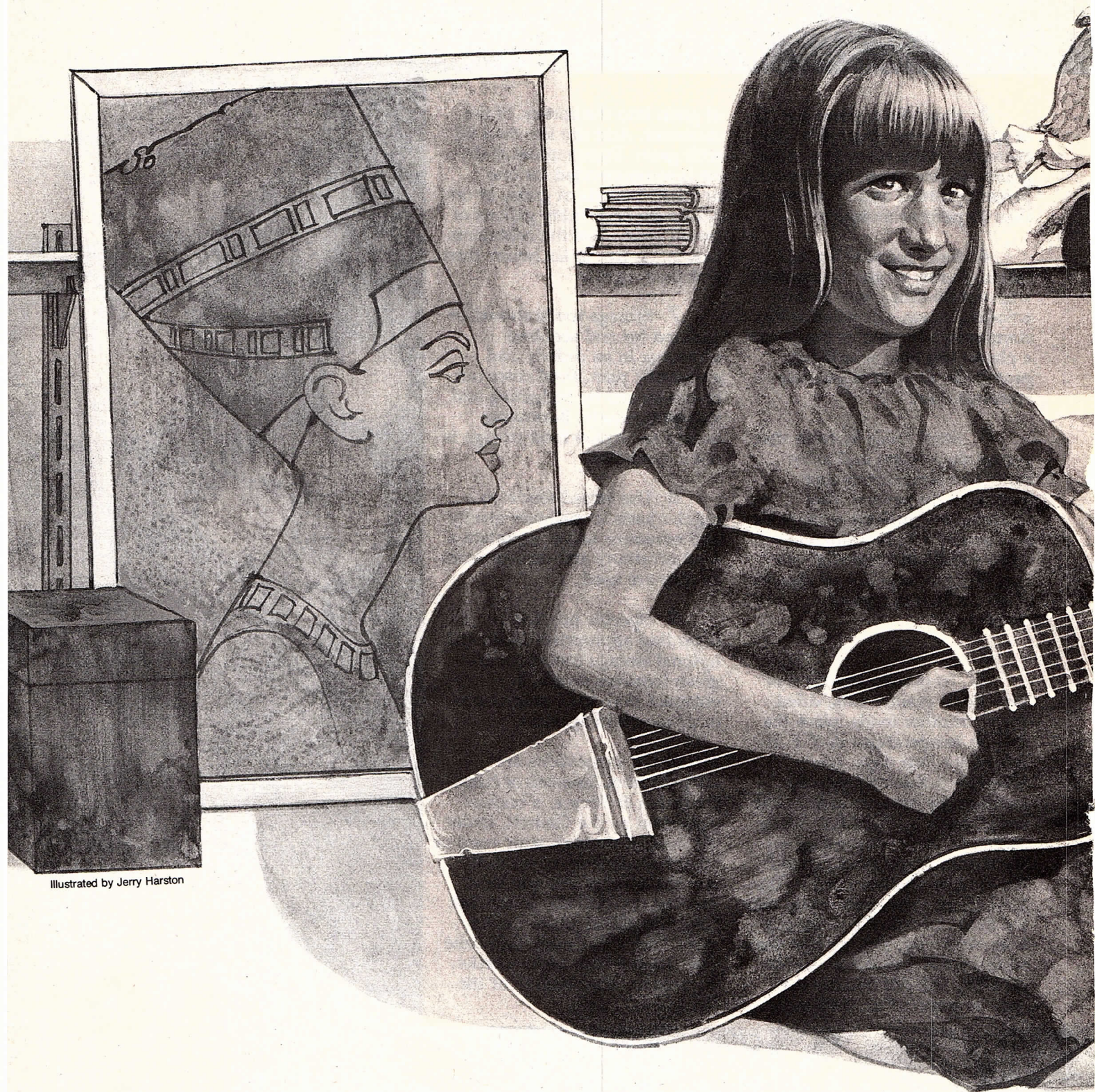
of grain into the bottom of the container. Add dry ice; then fill with grain. Eight ounces of dry ice is recommended for one hundred pounds of grain, or one pound for each thirty gallons of stored grain. Seal the containers loosely for five to six hours; then seal them tightly.

7. Storage foods should be planned for and acquired according to an orderly and systematic plan. Food costs can be minimized by budgeting and shopping wisely. Borrowing money to acquire food storage is not a good idea.

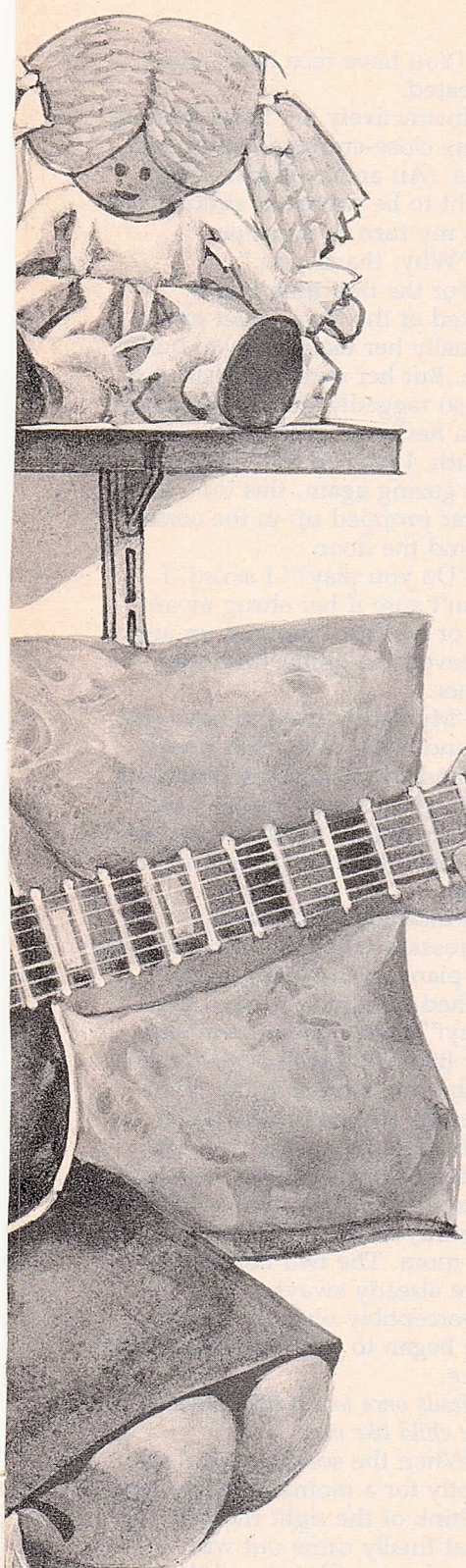
8. Use stored foods on a regular basis to maintain quality and minimize waste. Maintain a food inventory and replace times as they are used.

9. Specific information regarding appropriate foods and optimal storage conditions in given localities should be obtained from local universities or government agencies.

The above suggestions are adapted from *Essentials of Home Production & Storage*, a booklet published by the Church. Order the booklet through your ward or branch leadership; or send 35¢ and the booklet title and stock number (PGWE1125) to the Salt Lake City Distribution Center, 1999 West 1700 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104. Make checks payable to "Corporation of the President." □



Illustrated by Jerry Harston



Third place winner, 1980 fiction contest

Neighbors

By Diane A. Gordon

Kelly," mom called from the kitchen. "Come skin this corn for me will you, honey? The Gregors are coming for dinner."

"Yes, ma'am." Reluctantly I laid down my book, *Queens of Ancient Egypt*. When I finished school I planned to be a renowned (and beautiful) lady archaeologist.

Together, a scholarly (at least eight years my senior) but handsome professor and I would uncover the most magnificent "tell" ever to enlighten the archaeological world.

"Tell" was a word I had learned last year in my ninth-grade World History class. It meant a mound or hill and was often an indication of possible archaeological sites. Naturally there would be a remarkable resemblance between myself and the death mask of the beautiful Egyptian queen which we would dig up.

Right then, however, my digging abilities were confined to working my way out of the pile of corn my mother set before me. "Why the Gregors?" I said, trying to conceal my dissatisfaction from my gold-hearted mother.

"Why, because they are new in the ward and we want them to feel at home and get to know them better."

"Oh," I said tonelessly. I

thought about the Gregors, who had been at church for the first time two weeks before. They had bought the old Hartman place about a half mile out of town. Brother Gregor was a lean man with holes in his dusty shoes and a sunburned face. Sister Gregor was a shy woman, very plump, with a face that was probably pretty once but lined and weary looking now. *No wonder, I thought, with all those kids!* And with a sinking feeling I realized that I was expected to entertain "all those kids" for the evening. *How could mom do that to me!*

I wrenched the husk off an ear of corn so fiercely that I rapped my knuckles on the table. "Ouch!"

I wasn't even sure how many there were. A bunch of little boys, five or six maybe, and one girl, the oldest, Christina.

"At least her name is pretty," I said, not realizing I had spoken out loud.

"What did you say, dear?" mom asked as she straightened up from the oven where she had been prodding the roast on to bigger and better things.

"Their daughter Christina has a pretty name," I said, a little too loudly, and changed the subject. "Here's the last of the corn, mom."

"Thanks, honey," she said and dropped the long yellow ears into the gurgling Dutch oven. I could already feel the hot butter and salt running down my chin as dad and I played "typewriter"

across the kernels.

I headed back to my room to finish another chapter in my book before dinnertime. But instead of exotic, swan-necked beauties, my thoughts turned to a thin girl whose skirts were a little too long and shoes a little too pointed.

The first time I remembered seeing Christina was at MIA two weeks before. I figured she must have been about a year and a half younger than I. She came in a few minutes late and sat on the end of the bench in front of me. But when she sat down, the other girls in her class slid away giggling something about "kooties."

"How immature!" I thought. Yet I said nothing to them, or to Christina who sat frozen to her end of the bench.

The crunch of gravel in the drive broke into my thoughts.

"They're coming!" Mom called.

Dad was already out on the front porch of our comfortable old house helping plump Sister Gregor up the front steps. Behind her came her husband and five boys (I could count them now) and Christina.

When the screen door finally thumped shut they were all standing awkwardly at attention in our small living room. Two of the boys were sandy-haired like their dad. Christina and the others had their mom's dark hair. I almost giggled at their formality.

"Please have a seat," dad said quickly.

"Glad you could make it," said mom. "I'll have dinner on the table in no time." Sister Gregor got up as if to offer assistance, but mom shook her head. "Kelly can help me."

As I crossed the room to the kitchen I heard Brother Gregor clear his throat. "Nice place you

got here, Brother Richardson."

"Lovely," murmured Sister Gregor.

I looked back to see all the little boys sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of their mother, their eyes expectant. Christina, obviously in a world of her own, sat on the arm of her father's chair running one finger along the ivory keys of the piano.

After dinner, dad, who was a whiz with mechanical things, went out with Brother Gregor to take a look at their old car. Three of the boys followed with the intent of commandeering the old tire swing dad had hung in the yard years before. Sister Gregor insisted on helping mom with the dishes. That left me with Christina and the two youngest boys. I figured I could handle that.

"Let's go to my room," I said. Christina followed obediently, carrying one of the small boys. The other one held onto her skirt. As I pushed open the door to my room, Christina stopped. I followed her gaze to the little bottles on the old dresser dad had refinished for me, then to the bright yellow coverlet and matching curtains mom had made.

"Come on in," I said, and patted a spot beside me on the rug. She sat down and arranged the two boys beside her. There was an awkward silence while I tried to think of something clever to say. Finally I blurted out, "So—you're the only girl."

She nodded. For a future archaeologist, I was sure blessed with powers of profound observation.

"Me too," I said, "only my two brothers are both older—away at school." Another silence. I rubbed my palm on my jeans. Suddenly Christina spoke.

"You have nice hair," she said.

"Huh?" I said, surprised.

"You have nice hair," she repeated.

Instinctively my hand flew up to my close-cropped cap of dark curls. (An archaeologist's hair ought to be short but striking.) It was my turn to murmur.

"Why, thank you."

For the first time I really looked at this thin, quiet girl. Actually her features were quite nice. But her own dark hair was cut so raggedly that it distracted from her large eyes and gentle mouth. I noticed that Christina was gazing again, this time at my guitar propped up in the corner behind the door.

"Do you play?" I asked. I wasn't sure if her shrug meant yes or no, but I jumped up and retrieved the guitar from the corner.

"My daddy used to have one around," she said, "but it was old and the strings got broken. I cried when mama threw it out." She seemed to think she had said too much at once and fell silent again.

I thought about her expression when she had fingered the piano in the living room. I pushed the guitar toward her. "Play!" I commanded, smiling. Her little brothers nodded vigorously. She looked at me, then carefully picked up the guitar and cradled it against her. At first her fingers moved nervously along the strings, then with more certainty as the soft rhythm filled the room. The two little boys were already swaying imperceptibly with the music. She began to sing in a clear, light voice.

Jesus once was a little child, A little child like me. . . .

When the song ended, I sat quietly for a moment trying hard to think of the right thing to say. What finally came out was, "Thank you, Christina." We

smiled at each other.

Dad's tap on the door saved us from another silence. "Kelly, the Gregors have to be going now. Bring your guests down."

We stood up and Christina carefully placed the guitar back in its corner. She picked up her littlest brother, and I took the other one by the hand. When we got back to the living room, everyone was shaking hands.

"Thanks a lot, Brother Richardson, for everything."

"Not at all. And if you have any more trouble with that clutch, let me know."

Mom was busy filling Sister Gregor's arms with sacks of corn and string beans. She always managed to make people feel like they were doing her a big favor by carrying off half her garden.

"Good-bye now."

"Thanks again for dinner."

Mom and dad and I stood on the porch together and watched them string across the lawn and out the gate.

"Hey, Christina!" I called.

She stopped and turned.

"If you're going to be home Saturday afternoon, I'll come over and we'll do your hair. It will look great!"

She said nothing, but I could tell by the light on her face that she would be there, waiting.

As their car rumbled away mom turned to me. "That was really sweet of you, Kelly. What moved you to do that?"

"Well—I discovered something," I began.

"And what discovery was that, Miss Archaeologist?" dad winked.

I was going to tell them about that night at MIA and about the song and everything. I didn't.

"She has a pretty name." I grinned and headed back to my room for a long-delayed rendezvous with Nefertiti. □



Mom and dad and I stood together and watched them string across the lawn and out the gate.

By Dianne Dibb Forbis

Season the

In your family discussions, do you sometimes find your children reacting to a question with the same lack of enthusiasm they show for third-time-around tuna casserole?

Teaching by asking can be effective. But when questions are always asked in the same ways or to the same people, question-asking may become a barrier rather than a bridge to learning. Consider these aspects of question asking:

1. *Questions Are for Everyone.*

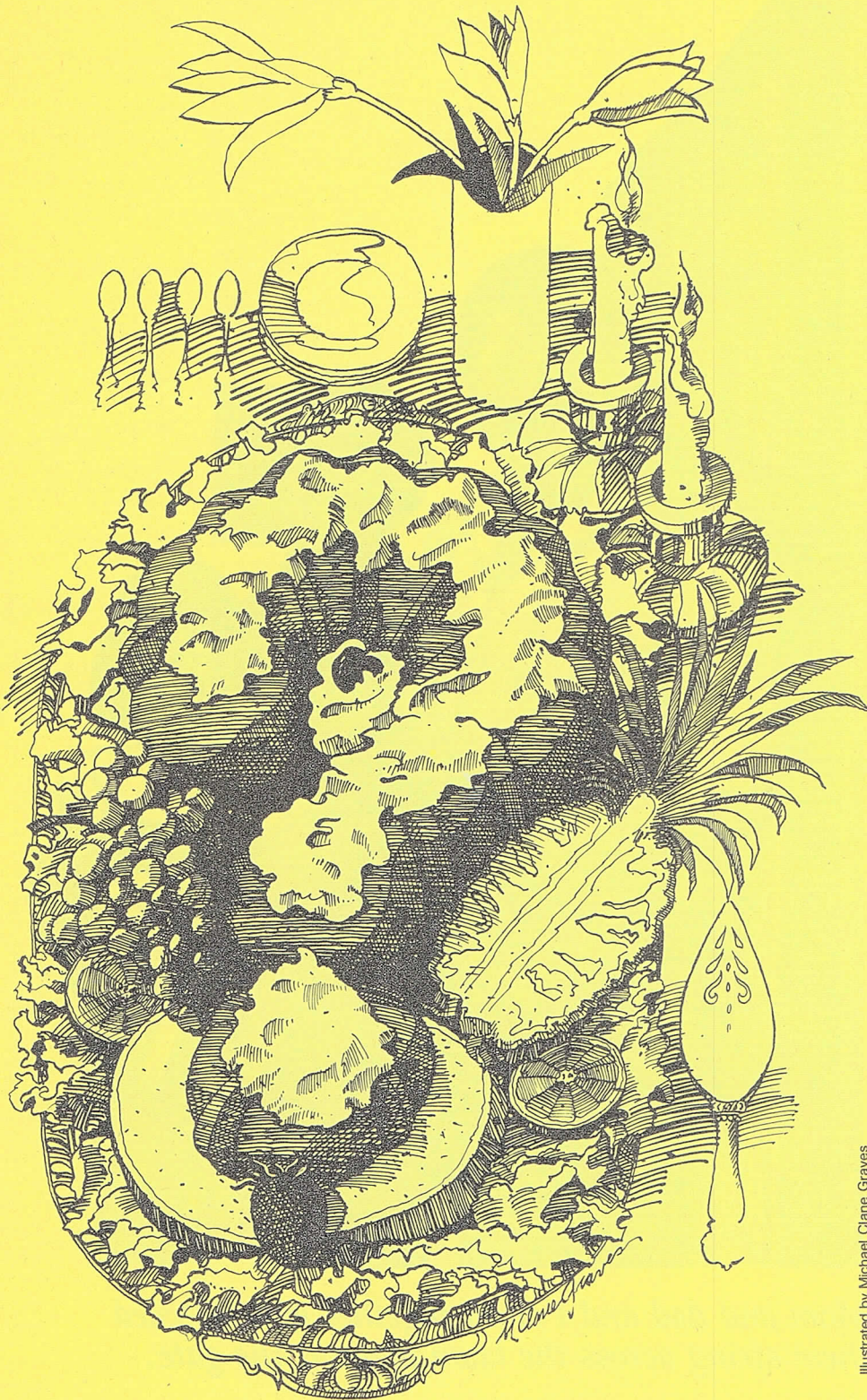
When you give a lesson during your family home evenings, do you find yourself teaching the one or two who you feel are most lacking in gospel understanding?

If a question is never directed toward mother, dad, or other adults, children will conclude that family home evenings are held only for the purpose of educating children. Of course, that's not the case. Family home evenings are times for family members to enjoy being together in cooperative efforts pointed toward helping all family members to align their lives more with gospel truth.

So, equalize the distribution of questions. Generate the feeling that each person, not only small children, should be exercising thought processes.

The standard way to make sure everyone has a chance at answering a question is to ask questions around the table or around the room. One question for Sally. Next question goes to Susan. Then there's Tommy. . . .

But vary the approach by having family members line up in alphabetical order according to first name spellings. Or make lessons competition time by dividing the family into two teams, either randomly or by



Illustrated by Michael Clane Graves

Questions, Serve Them with Style

teaming older and younger family members together, or by taping numbers under the chairs and having each family member find the number on his chair. Then you begin: "Okay, who has number one? Here's the first question. . . ."

Usually, questions are tidbits in a lesson presentation, but sometimes they can become the very substance of the lesson itself.

2. *Begin with a Question.*
"Why is it good to pay tithing?" Ask everyone in the group to respond in writing. Older family members can help the youngsters who aren't able to write. Then go over all written comments together, noting similarities and differences in ideas. Make the answers the basis upon which to build additional discussion.

3. *Delay the Questions.*
Announce that you will ask no questions for the entire family home evening lesson and that each person, as he listens, should think of one question (or more) that relates to the lesson. Then all questions can be heard and discussed during refreshment time. Such an activity can be not only a good review but also a springboard for more in-depth study.

4. *Provide Practice in Formulating Worthwhile Questions.*
Before beginning a family home evening, hand out four or five slips of paper to each family member. Explain that each paper represents permission to ask one question. Each time a family member asks a question he will have to surrender a slip of paper. After he has used up all his slips he may not ask any more questions until after the closing prayer. (Some families with more reticent members might want to use the rule that you should use

up all your question tickets before you can have any refreshments.)

5. *Vary the Kinds of Questions.*
If a question is provocative, the question and the mental considerations which go into its answering will be more memorable. There are lots of ways to ask a question. Try some of these:

—Try using nothing but true or false questions during certain discussions.

—Fill-in-the-blank questions can be fun. For example: "I'm going to read a statement and use 'ice cream' in place of another word or words. You tell me what word or words should be there instead of 'ice cream.' Okay, here it is: 'Peter, James, and John restored the ice cream in these latter days.' "

—Multiple-choice questions are especially good for very young children. Increase their chances of success by offering only two choices. "Charla, who was the man who baptized Jesus? Was it John or was it Moses?"

—Using a visual aid as a clue, have someone guess what the question is before answering it. For example:

Hold up a picture of the golden calf.

"Now, this is supposed to bring to your mind a question that I want to ask you. What do you think it is?"

"Who made the golden calf?"

"No."

"Who was the prophet at this time?"

"Well, that's close. Not *who* was the prophet."

"Where was the prophet when they were making the calf?"

"Right."

This kind of questioning may seem too difficult, but if it grows out of the evening's discussion, it

narrows down question possibilities and gets people thinking of all aspects of a situation.

—Write review or lesson-development questions on cards and put the cards in a sack. Each family member can take a turn drawing out the question(s) he will answer.

6. *If the Questions Are Too Difficult, Give Some Hints.* For example: "Jamie, what is the name of the city Lehi and his family were leaving?"

When the person doesn't quickly provide the correct answer or if he seems unsure of the answer, give him a hint: "The name of the city starts with J." (Sound out the J sound for pre-schoolers.)

Maybe a stronger clue is needed: "The name starts 'Jer-.' " (Again, sound out the name if necessary.)

When a person is required to finally piece together an answer—to think, then speak it—he will more likely remember it. If you simply tell him, "Okay, you don't know it. The answer is Jerusalem," he may not know it next time either.

Pre-schoolers especially benefit from the question-then-help-with-the-answer approach. They often find themselves in the happy situation of giving correct information which they hadn't realized they knew. They learn to enjoy questions.

Are questions bland? No. They are not only palatable but delightful and nourishing to all ages. Season your questions enthusiastically and in varied ways. Your family may soon come to eagerly await second helpings. □

Dianne Dibb Forbis, mother of three, is a Sunday School teacher in her Rexburg, Idaho, ward.

Meeting My Students . . .



By Marjorie P. Ericksen

My first calling to teach children in the Church was to teach the four-year-olds in a small Iowa ward. It has been years since then—back when Primary was held on a week-day after school and we sometimes left Primary in the dark. But I still remember the first time I faced those eight bright faces seated in a circle in our classroom. I was excited—and apprehensive—and I asked each one to tell me something special about himself so we could get acquainted. This proved to be quite revealing until we came to the last child, a pretty little blonde girl. When I asked her to share something about herself, her face did not change expression. It was as though I had not spoken.

Almost in unison some of the others said, "Christine doesn't talk." They were right—she didn't. I noticed later that when we spent the last five minutes doing finger plays, she enjoyed it and wanted to participate but

couldn't quite bring herself to do it. As I watched her walk from the room after class, I knew that somehow I had to reach her and help her feel comfortable in class.

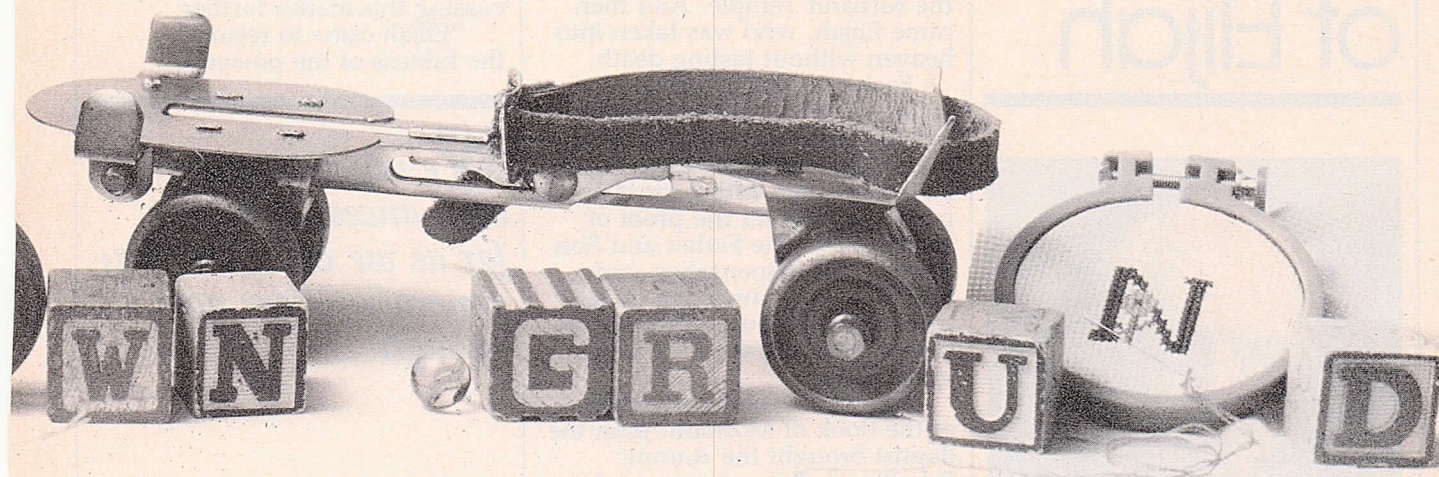
And so I got to know her family. I learned that Christine was the youngest of seven children in a stalwart family. Her mother told me that at home she was a happy, vivacious little girl, but in public she withdrew almost completely. I prayed for guidance to learn how to reach her.

A few weeks later I needed a ride home from church, and Christine's mother offered me a lift. Christine sat by me in their big van, and as the seats filled I asked her to sit on my lap. She did. I held her and loved her, and gradually she began to talk—the first words I had heard from her. Secure with her family there in the dark, she began to laugh and chatter like the others. I felt I had finally broken through, but when they stopped

at my apartment and the light in the van came on, the little girl I said good-bye to was the quiet, unresponsive child of before. I was crushed! I wanted so much for her to know that I cared for her and that she could feel safe with me.

Early in the year the Primary presidency had challenged the teachers to spend thirty minutes in the home of each child in their class. This was to be scheduled ahead of time, with the child knowing that he could choose what he and the teacher would do during that time. Gradually it dawned on me how significant that experience might be, and it remains one of the most vivid and rewarding experiences of my life.

The moments in the van *had* made a difference with Christine. She had since then been more responsive—in fact, she usually had a twinkle in her eye whenever I looked at her, as though we shared a secret. When I went to her home for our visit, the



family had reserved the living room for the two of us; Christine had collected some of her treasures and was waiting to share them with me. As we talked and laughed together, I knew that we had at last established a bond of friendship. She became a delightful addition to our class and to my life. I will never forget her.

These home visits resulted in deeper feelings with the other children as well. I loved them all and they knew it. In the case of my most difficult discipline problem in class, the visits brought an unexpected benefit. Although the boy was a definite challenge, I really liked him, and our contacts outside of class were great. His mother later told me that when he was preparing for my visit he told his family, "My teacher's coming tomorrow, and she's not coming to see you or you or you—she's coming to see ME! I'm going to show her the water tower and the dirty ditch."

He did just that. In the rain

we ran all the way up to the tower and then raced down to the dirty ditch; there he told me all the things he pretended to be when he was exploring. That visit made a great difference. I absolutely loved that tough little guy, and I knew that he knew it. His classroom behavior improved dramatically as he learned over and over that he was special to me.

A year or so ago I was called to teach the Merrie Miss A Primary class, and I decided to make similar individual visits to the six girls I would be teaching. I had never worked with girls this age, and I had a lot to learn. The week before our first class together, I scheduled visits to each of the girls, doing whatever they chose to do.

It was pure delight—I did a bit of everything! I waded through a culvert under a city park, inched across a pipe spanning a ravine, rode a 10-speed bike through sprinklers, played chess and badminton, and

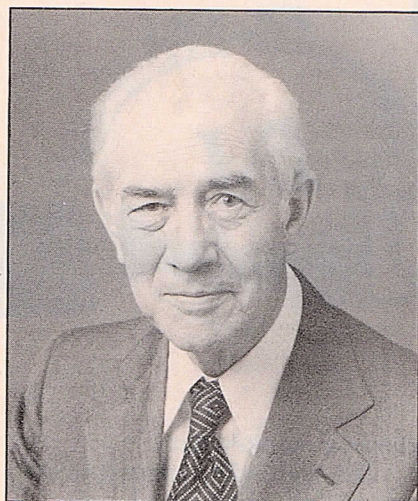
climbed monkey bars.

The highlight occurred when one of "my girls" and I approached the playground on our bikes. One of her school friends saw us and said, "Hey Denise—who's that?" Denise hesitated, not knowing exactly how to explain me and then said, "Oh, she's my big friend!" As she and I sat in the dirt and talked that day, I knew that a real friendship had indeed begun. It was well worth the cost of babysitters and the time involved to accomplish those visits, because the result was that right from the beginning they knew I did not view them as simply a class—but rather as six special girls, six young friends.

There is much we can do in class, but more can be accomplished in a brief one-to-one encounter outside the classroom than we would ever imagine. □

Marjorie P. Ericksen, mother of four, is a Primary teacher in her Omaha, Nebraska, ward.

The Mission of Elijah



Elder Mark E. Petersen
Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

The following address is a condensed version of remarks delivered to a meeting of General Authorities and later to a gathering of Genealogical Department employees.

Our whole religion is based upon the fact of immortality. Men have come back from the dead to accomplish the restoration of the gospel. Even God himself came.

First came the Father and Jesus Christ, his Beloved Son. They visited Joseph Smith in the Sacred Grove near Palmyra, New York. They talked with him face

to face and answered his questions.

Moroni also came, repeatedly, visiting with and instructing the young prophet. Then came John the Baptist of New Testament times. Peter, James, and John were next. Moses came to the Kirtland Temple. And then came Elijah, who was taken into heaven without tasting death.

Each one was physical evidence of the fact of immortality, but each one brought more than the proof of life after death. Each one came with a great purpose—far beyond the proof of immortality. The Father and Son opened this dispensation and provided the knowledge of the true nature of God—that he is a person and that man was made in his image.

Moroni revealed the location of the Book of Mormon. John the Baptist brought the Aaronic Priesthood. Peter, James, and John brought the Melchizedek Priesthood. Moses brought the keys of the gathering of the Jews to Palestine and the gathering of Ephraim and Manasseh.

One of the most important events of this dispensation was the coming of the Prophet Elijah to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Kirtland Temple on 3 April 1836. He brought the keys of his ministry, but many people have misunderstood what those keys were. President Joseph Fielding Smith explained it this way:

"It is held by some that Elijah came with these keys because he held some peculiar position standing between the living and the dead due to the fact that he was translated. But when Elijah came to Joseph Smith it was with a resurrected body, for he was with Christ in his resurrection. It was not because Elijah held peculiar keys which applied to the dead, that he was sent, but because, as explained by Joseph Smith the Prophet, the ordinances of the Gospel would not be valid unless there was on the earth the sealing power which Elijah held to bind these ordinances in the heavens." (*The Way to Perfection*, Salt Lake City: The Genealogical Society of Utah,

1931, p. 161.)

Elijah now came with the sealing power to make the ordinances of the gospel fully valid, as President Joseph Fielding Smith explained.

Said President Smith in discussing this matter further:

"Elijah came to restore . . . the fulness of the power of

We must trace our own ancestry back as far as we can. The four generations are not enough.

priesthood. This priesthood holds the keys of binding and sealing on earth and in heaven of all the ordinances and principles pertaining to the salvation of man."

President Smith then added:

"These keys hold the power to seal husbands and wives for eternity as well as for time. They hold the power to seal children to parents, the key of adoption, by which the family organization is made intact forever. . . .

Through these keys the hearts of the children have turned to their fathers." (*Doctrines of Salvation*, 3 vols., comp. Bruce R. McConkie, Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1954-56, 2:117, 119.)

So these keys are not for baptisms for the dead alone; they are not for endowments alone; but they are also for sealings for the living and the dead. How

important this is! Without our dear ones—without our ancestors—we cannot obtain a fulness of joy, and neither can they without us.

To teach us forcefully how important this work is, the Prophet Joseph Smith made these powerful statements:

"The main object [of the gathering of the Saints] was to build unto the Lord a house whereby He could reveal unto His people the ordinances of His house and the glories of His kingdom, and teach the people the way of salvation; for there are certain ordinances and principles that, when they are taught and practiced, must be done in a place or house built for that purpose."

And then he said:

"It is for the same purpose that God gathers together His people in the last days, to build unto the Lord a house to prepare them for the ordinances and endowments, washings and anointings, etc."

He spoke then of the necessity of our having the priesthood to qualify for exaltation. This applies to the dead as well as to the living. Then he declared:

"If a man gets a fullness of the priesthood of God he has to get it in the same way that Jesus Christ obtained it, and that was by keeping all the commandments and obeying all the ordinances of the house of the Lord." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, comp. Joseph Fielding Smith, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1938, p. 308.)

Then I ask you, is this genealogical and temple work really necessary? Dare any of us neglect it? The Prophet said that it is one of the most important things we can do in life, then added:

"Any person who is exalted to the highest mansion has to abide a celestial law and the whole law too." (*Teachings*, p. 331.)

And that includes temple work for both the living and the dead. That is one reason why we must exert our efforts as we go out to the stakes and elsewhere to emphasize this important work.

The Prophet also said:

"The keys are to be delivered, the spirit of Elijah is to come, the Gospel to be established, the Saints of God gathered, Zion built up, and the Saints to come up as saviors on Mount Zion.

"But how are they to become saviors on Mount Zion? By building their temples, erecting their baptismal fonts, and going forth

How important this is! Without our dear ones—without our ancestors—we cannot obtain a fulness of joy, and neither can they without us.

and receiving all the ordinances, baptisms, confirmations, washings, anointings, ordinations and sealing powers upon their heads in behalf of all their progenitors who are dead." (*Teachings*, p. 330.)

We cannot do work for our dead unless we first identify them. This means we must undertake genealogical research in behalf of our own ancestry—our own forefathers—our own dead kindred. We must teach the people the details of this genealogical research and encourage the local congregations to teach each other.

First, we record our own generation; second, the parents; third, the grandparents; fourth, the great-grandparents. Many great-grandparents are still living. There is ordinarily no great

chore in obtaining their names or even the names of those great-grandparents who have departed this life. They are people of today, not of hundreds of years ago. We can very readily obtain the information for the four generations, and this we must do.

But what about the fifth and sixth generations? Are they to be deprived of temple work? Aren't their souls as precious as any others?

President Wilford Woodruff said:

"We want the Latter-day Saints . . . to trace their genealogies as far as they can. . . . Have children sealed to their parents, and run this chain through as far as you can get it." (*The Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, comp. G. Homer Durham, Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1946, p. 157.)

We must trace our own ancestry back as far as we can. The four generations are not enough. We have the extraction program and it will help, but it does not relieve us of our own personal responsibility. Our own research will tie in with the extraction program and that is good, but the extraction program will augment our efforts only; it will not replace them.

We cannot neglect our responsibility to have these sealings done. We must make sure of our own ancestors—do not leave the responsibility to others.

How many of us are doing our own research? How many of us have turned in our own four-generation sheets? How many of us are continuing our research?

My wife and I started our genealogical work together at the time we were married, and throughout more than fifty years of mortal life, she and I worked together in genealogical and temple work; it has always been a very dear thing to me, and I am glad that now circumstances are such that I can go to the temple once a week and help to redeem the dead for whom we have prepared records.

It is my hope and prayer that we may be strong in performing this mighty work. □

Kinderhook Plates Brought to Joseph Smith Appear to Be a Nineteenth-Century Hoax

By Stanley B. Kimball



Enlargement of the front (left) and back of the Kinderhook plate now owned by the Chicago Historical Society. Actual size of the bell-shaped plate is 2⁷/₈" high by 2¹/₄" wide at the bottom, tapering to 1³/₁₆" at the top; average thickness is 1/32". The nickel-size splotch on the backside is likely due to corrosion since its 1843 "discovery." Photographs courtesy Chicago Historical Society.

A recent electronic and chemical analysis of a metal plate (one of six original plates) brought in 1843 to the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo, Illinois, appears to solve a previously unanswered question in Church history, helping to further evidence that the plate is what its producers later said it was—a nineteenth-century attempt to lure Joseph Smith into making a translation of ancient-looking characters that had been

etched into the plates.

Joseph Smith did not make the hoped-for translation. In fact, no evidence exists that he manifested any further interest in the plates after early examination of them, although some members of the Church hoped that they would prove to be significant. But the plates never did.

The complex yet fascinating story behind this little-known event in Church history follows:

Historical Background

In Nauvoo, Illinois, during the first week in May 1843, the Church publication *Times and Seasons* printed an article entitled "Ancient Records" which reported the alleged discovery of six ancient brass plates in an Indian mound near the town of Kinderhook, fifty-five miles south of Nauvoo in Pike County, Illinois.¹

A statement signed by W. P.

Harris, M.D., of Barry, Pike County, informed the *Times and Seasons* readers of the discovery:

"On the 16th of April last a respectable merchant by the name of Robert Wiley, commenced digging in a large mound near this place: he excavated to the depth of 10 feet and came to rock; about that time the rain began to fall, and he abandoned the work. On the 23d he and quite a number of the citizens with myself, repaired to the mound, and after making ample opening, we found plenty of rock, the most of which appeared as though it had been strongly burned; and after removing full two feet of said rock, we found plenty of charcoal and ashes; also human bones that appeared as though they had been burned; and near the eciphalon [correctly spelled "encephalon," or head] a bundle was found that consisted of six plates of brass, of a bell shape, each having a hole near the small end, and a ring through them all, and clasped with two clasps, the ring and clasps appeared to be of iron very much oxidated, the plates appeared first to be copper, and had the appearance of being covered with characters. It was agreed by the company that I should cleanse the plates: accordingly I took them to my house, washed them with soap and water, and a woollen cloth; but finding them not yet cleansed I treated them with dilute sulphuric acid which made them perfectly clean, on which it appeared that they were completely covered with hieroglyphics that none as yet have been able to read."

The plates greatly excited public curiosity in the area, and within a week of their alleged discovery they were brought to Nauvoo for a short stay. An editorial comment in the same *Times and Seasons* article indicates how important the eager writer felt these brass plates might be:

"Circumstances are daily

transpiring which give additional testimony to the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. . . . The following . . . will, perhaps have a tendency to convince the sceptical, that such things [metal plates] have been used, and that even the obnoxious Book of Mormon, may be true."

The editorial further reported: "Mr. Smith has had those plates, what his opinion concerning them is, we have not yet ascertained. The gentleman that owns them has taken them away, or we should have given a fac simile of the plates and characters in this number. We are informed however, that he purposes returning with them for translation; if so, we may be able yet to furnish our readers with it."

A month and a half later the *Nauvoo Neighbor* press published a 12" x 15" broadside entitled *Discovery of the Brass Plates*.² (See p. 72.) This handbill contained a reprint of the *Times and Seasons* story, with the addition of facsimiles of all twelve sides of the six plates. Nothing further regarding the Prophet's opinion of the plates appeared on the broadside—only a statement that "the contents of the plates . . . will be published in the 'Times and Seasons,' as soon as the translation is completed."

These two oblique references to a "translation" were followed thirteen years later by a more direct published statement that until recently was wrongly thought to have been written by Joseph Smith himself. On September 3 and 10, 1856, the following paragraphs appeared in the *Deseret News* as part of the serialized "History of Joseph Smith":

"[May 1, 1843:] I insert fac similes of the six brass plates found near Kinderhook, in Pike county, Illinois, on April 23, by Mr. R. Wiley and others, while excavating a large mound. They found a skeleton about six feet from the surface of the earth, which must have stood nine feet

high. The plates were found on the breast of the skeleton, and were covered on both sides with ancient characters.

"I have translated a portion of them, and find they contain the history of the person with whom they were found. He was a descendant of Ham, through the loins of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and that he received his kingdom from the ruler of heaven and earth." (Then followed a reprint of material from the *Times and Seasons* article.)

Although this account appears to be the writing of Joseph Smith, it is actually an excerpt from a journal of William Clayton. It has been well known that the serialized "History of Joseph Smith" consists largely of items from other persons' personal journals and other sources, collected during Joseph Smith's lifetime and continued after the Saints were in Utah, then edited and pieced together to form a history of the Prophet's life "in his own words." It was not uncommon in the nineteenth century for biographers to put the narrative in the first person when compiling a biographical work, even though the subject of the biography did not actually say or write all the words attributed to him; thus the narrative would represent a faithful report of what *others* felt would be helpful to print. The Clayton journal excerpt was one item used in this way. For example, the words "I have translated a portion" originally read "President J. has translated a portion. . . ."³

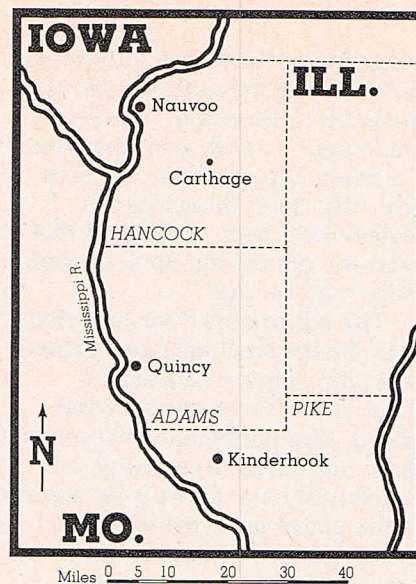
Where the ideas written by William Clayton originated is unknown. However, as will be pointed out later, speculation about the plates and their possible content was apparently quite unrestrained in Nauvoo when the plates first appeared. In any case, this altered version of the extract from William Clayton's journal was reprinted in the *Millennial Star* of 15 January 1859,

and, unfortunately, was finally carried over into official Church history when the "History of Joseph Smith" was edited into book form as the *History of the Church* in 1909.⁴

By 1912, however, at least two items of evidence had come to light indicating that the Kinderhook plates were not authentic. One was a letter written in 1855 (but not published until 1912) by Dr. W. P. Harris—the same W. P. Harris who authored the statement that appeared in the *Times and Seasons* article. In this letter he wrote that in 1843 he had accepted the discovery of the plates as genuine. "I washed and cleaned the plates and subsequently made an honest affidavit to the same," he said. "But since that time, Bridge Whitton [a blacksmith in Kinderhook, Illinois] said to me that he cut and prepared the plates and he (B. Whitton) and R. Wiley engraved them themselves, and that there was nitric acid put upon them the night before they were found to rust the iron ring and band. And that they were carried to the mound, rubbed in the dirt and carefully dropped into the pit where they were found."⁵

The other item was a letter written in 1879 by Wilbur Fugate (another of those present at the excavation of the plates) to an anti-Mormon in Salt Lake City.⁶ Fugate declared that the alleged discovery of the Kinderhook plates was "a HUMBUG, gotten up by Robert Wiley, Bridge Whitton and myself. . . . None of the nine persons who signed the certificate [a document included in the *Times and Seasons* article] knew the secret, except Wiley and I.

"We read in Pratt's prophecy that 'Truth is yet to spring out of the earth.' [The quote is from Parley P. Pratt's 1837 missionary tract *Voice of Warning*.] We concluded to prove the prophecy by way of a joke. We soon made our plans and executed them. Bridge Whitton cut them out of some



pieces of copper; Wiley and I made the hieroglyphics by making impressions on beeswax and filling them with acid and putting it on the plates. When they were finished we put them together with rust made of nitric acid, old iron and lead, and bound them with a piece of hoop iron, covering them completely with the rust."

Fugate then went on to tell how they secretly buried the plates and faked their discovery.

These accounts have generated much controversy for more than a hundred years since the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the question being twofold: (1) *are the Kinderhook plates authentic?* and (2) *did Joseph Smith attempt to translate them?* In general, Latter-day Saint scholars and laymen have sought to confirm the story of the Kinderhook plates, feeling that such authentication would both defend the Prophet and make more plausible the account of the Book of Mormon having been taken from plates of gold. Antagonists, on the other hand, have sought to demonstrate that Joseph Smith was a false prophet.

The Question of Authenticity

Because the whereabouts of the plates since at least 1844 had been unknown, their authenticity

remained a matter of conjecture. But in 1920, one of them came into the possession of the Chicago Historical Society. Only then did direct testing become possible.

How the one remaining plate got to Chicago is an interesting story in itself—a story that is consistent with physical evidence (to be discussed later) that this plate is indeed one of the original Kinderhook plates brought to Nauvoo in 1843.

In 1845, a Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell established a college of medicine in St. Louis. The college had a museum of natural history that contained 3,000 items, among them "Antiquities, &c. of our country." W. P. Harris, in his letter of 1855, said he had heard from a fellow physician "that R Wiley graduated [from the college] since finding the plates . . . and that Dr. Professor McDowell on surgery has the plates now in his office." It is now apparent that Wiley either sold or gave the Kinderhook plates to McDowell for the museum.

McDowell was a southern sympathizer who left St. Louis to serve the Confederacy as a physician during the Civil War. This made him very unpopular in St. Louis, and when the U.S. Army seized his college in 1861 for use as a prison, the 2nd Iowa Reserve Regiment sacked it.⁷

The Chicago Historical Society received one of the plates in 1920 as a gift from Charles F. Gunther, a noted collector of historical artifacts. Gunther had acquired it on 15 July 1889 from F. C. A. Richardson, M.D. (a member of both the St. Louis and the Chicago Academies of Science). Richardson in turn received it from a Dr. J. W. McDowell (not the same man as Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell), who got it from a soldier in the 2nd Iowa Reserve Regiment.

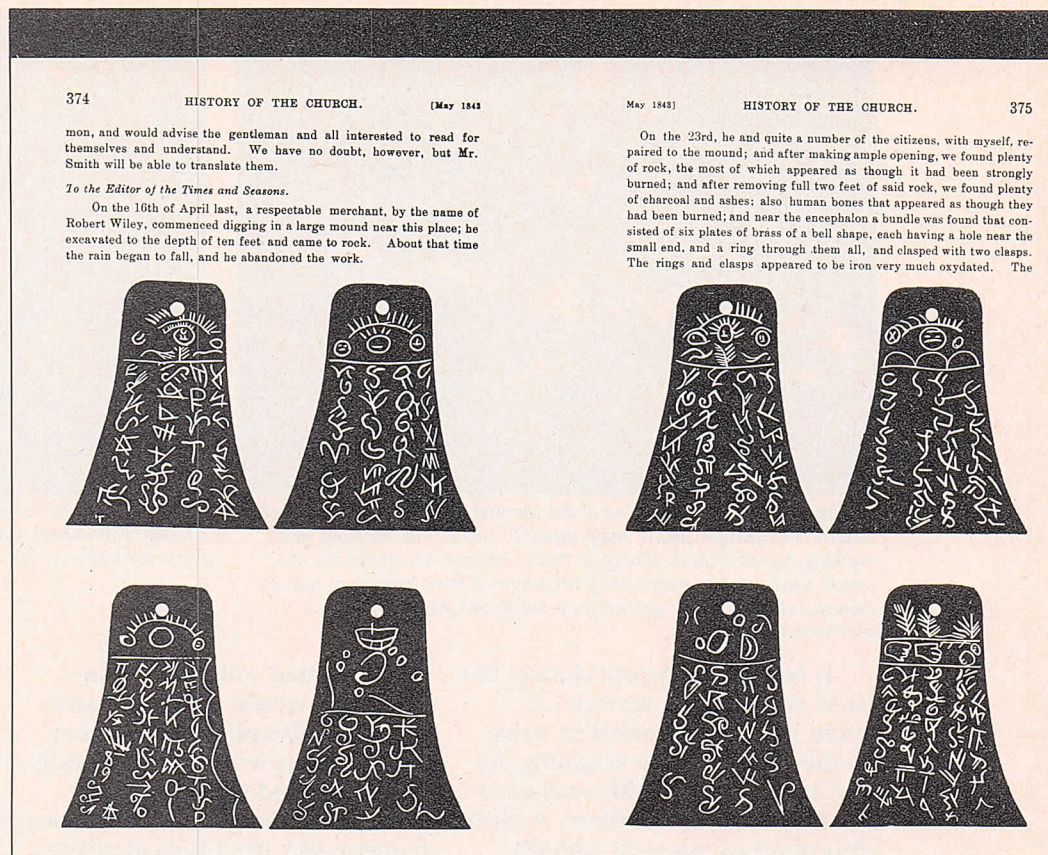
Since coming to public awareness in 1920, this plate has

undergone a number of tests. For example, in 1953 it was examined by two engravers who made an affidavit stating that "to the best of our knowledge this Plate was engraved with a pointed instrument and not etched with acid"—a conclusion which contradicted the letters claiming the plates to be a hoax, and which therefore fueled the hopes of those who wanted the plates to be proven genuine.⁸

A much more rigorous study of the Chicago plate was organized in 1969 by Dr. Paul Cheesman of Brigham Young University. He secured permission from the Chicago Historical Society to bring the plate to BYU for exhaustive non-destructive testing—that is, analytical tests not involving actual damage to the plate. The results of these tests were to be compared with previous tests performed in 1960 and 1966. The plate was examined by physicists, engravers, a jeweler, a metalworker, and several photographers, with mixed results. The physicists concluded that the plate was acid-etched and of non-ancient brass; the others could not agree whether it was etched, engraved, or both. Dr. Cheesman concluded: "It appears we need to have a destructive analysis for further confirmation. Much more testing needs to be done."⁹

There the matter rested until 1980, when I had the good fortune to secure permission from the Chicago Historical Society for the recommended destructive tests. These tests, involving some very sophisticated analytical techniques, were performed by Professor D. Lynn Johnson of the Department of Materials Science and Engineering at Northwestern University.

Dr. Johnson used a scanning electron microscope (SEM) to examine the grooves that form the characters on the plate to determine whether they were cut or scratched with a tool or whether



Front and back of four of the six Kinderhook plates are shown in these facsimiles (rough copies of even earlier published facsimiles), which appeared in 1909 in *History of the Church*, vol. 5, pp. 374-75.

they were etched with acid. A scanning Auger microprobe (SAM) was used to detect any nitrogen residues that might have been left in the grooves as a result of etching with nitric acid. To determine the composition of the metal, an X-ray fluorescence analysis was done on a small amount of material removed from the plate (a destructive test). And finally, an edge of the plate was ground and polished so that the metal could be examined by microscope for impurities and inclusions (also a destructive test).

The extreme depth of focus and resolution of the scanning electron microscope (SEM) at high magnification make it possible to clearly distinguish between etching or engraving on metal surfaces. If a character were cut or scratched into the surface, the groove would contain secondary grooves and ridges running

lengthwise within it where the engraving instrument forced a flow of metal. This would be especially noticeable at groove intersections, where metal would be pushed from the second groove into the first. On the other hand, etched lines would show no metal flows or secondary grooves; instead, a roughened, pock-marked etching would be seen.

Figure 1 shows part of one of the characters as seen in the SEM. The irregular, grainy texture characteristic of acid etching is evident, not a striated surface that would have been produced by an engraving tool. A thorough SEM examination of the characters on the plate brought Dr. Johnson to the conclusion that the characters on the plate were indeed prepared by acid etching, not by any form of tooling, scratching, or cutting.

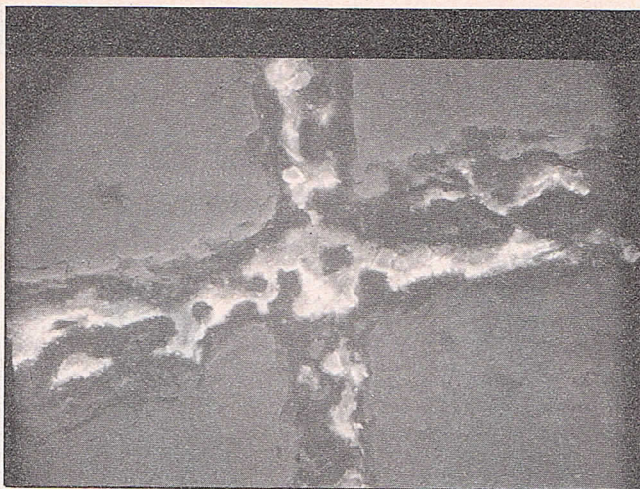


Figure 1. A portion of one of the characters as seen in the scanning electron microscope (SEM), magnified 220 times. The irregular pock-marking typical of acid etching is clearly evident. An engraving tool would have scratch marks along the length of each groove, as well as evidence of metal being pushed from one groove into the other at intersections.

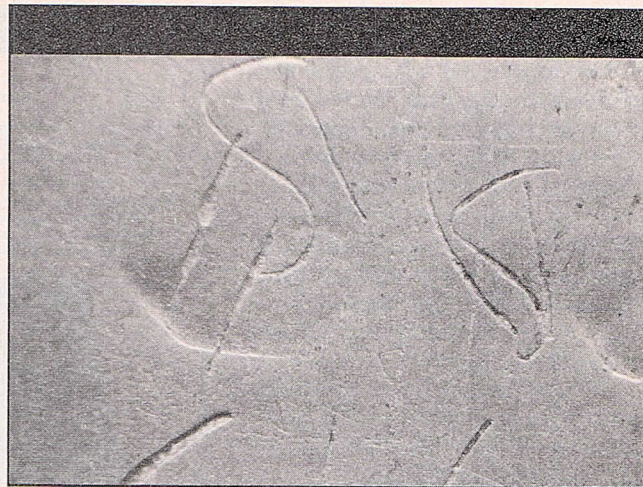


Figure 2. Light micrograph of characters on the backside of the Chicago Kinderhook plate, columns 3 and 4 (magnification 7.6). Identical dents are visible at left center and right edge.

It became apparent during the SEM study that a residue of some kind was present in some of the grooves. The scanning Auger microprobe (SAM) was used to analyze these residues. A clear indication of nitrogen was detected, which would be consistent with a copper nitrate residue and could indicate that nitric acid was used in the etching, as those who reportedly originated the deception had claimed.

The X-ray fluorescence test indicated that the plate was made of a true brass alloy of approximately 73 percent copper, 24 percent zinc, and lesser amounts of other metals. In addition, an examination of the small area of the plate that was ground and polished revealed a basically "clean" alloy—that is, there were very few visible traces of impurities such as particles of slag and other debris that one might expect to find in metal of ancient manufacture.

As a result of these tests, we concluded that the plate owned by the Chicago Historical Society is *not* of ancient origin. We concluded that the plate was etched with acid; and as Paul Cheesman and other scholars

have pointed out, ancient inhabitants would probably have engraved the plates rather than etched them with acid. Secondly, we concluded that the plate was made from a true brass alloy (copper and zinc) typical of the mid-nineteenth century; whereas the "brass" of ancient times was actually bronze, an alloy of copper and tin. Furthermore, one would expect an ancient alloy to contain larger amounts of impurities and inclusions than did the alloy tested.

Dr. Johnson and I did, however, take into account the possibility that the Chicago plate was only a copy of the original. In reference to this, he reported:

"In the course of examining the plate, an interesting anomaly was discovered. One of the characters on the plate (side B, column 3) has an angular dent near one end. [See Figure 2.] That this is a dent can be verified by noticing that a similar dent exists nearby, close to the edge of the plate. A larger magnification of the latter dent reveals a feature toward the right which would have been produced by a nick in the edge of the instrument that produced the dent. [See Figure 3.] This same nick shows up in the

left-hand dent, partially obliterated by the intersection of the dent with one of the vertical strokes of the character. [See Figure 4.] This dent was interpreted in the 1843 published facsimiles of the Kinderhook plate as part of the character. [See illustration, p. 72.] The significance of this is that the facsimile must therefore have been made from this plate, rather than this plate being a copy based on the facsimile. If the present plate were a copy from the facsimile, this stroke would have been etched in with the other strokes, rather than being added as a dent."

The conclusion, therefore, is that the Chicago plate is indeed one of the original Kinderhook plates, which now fairly well evidences them to be faked antiquities.¹⁰

The Question of Translation

But what does the above conclusion mean in relationship to the earlier references to a "translation" of the Kinderhook plates by Joseph Smith? Did he actually attempt to translate any of the plates?

To answer that question, it is necessary to look at the events of



Figure 3. Light micrograph of the right-hand dent of Figure 2 (magnification 50). A nick is visible at the far right on the dent.

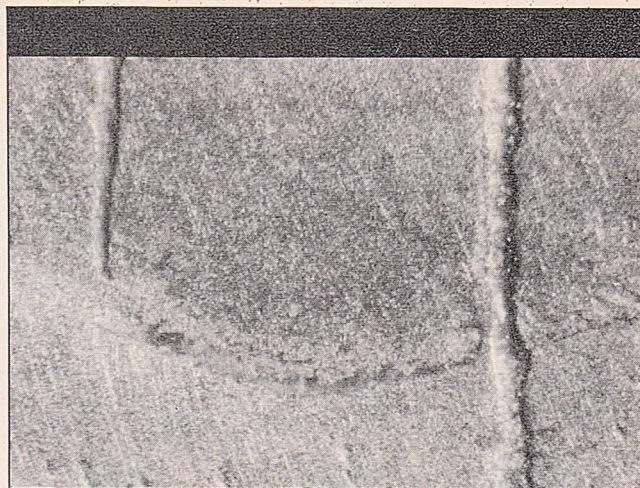


Figure 4. Light micrograph of the left-hand dent of Figure 2 (magnification 50). The nick is visible just next to the dent's intersection with the right-hand vertical stroke. As the article shows, the dent helps prove that this plate is the actual plate seen by the Nauvoo Saints.

April and May 1843 in sequence:

The plates were "discovered" on Sunday, 23 April 1843, and taken home by Dr. Harris for cleaning. Then, according to a story in the *Quincy Whig*, they were exhibited in Quincy during the following week.¹¹

There is some question about who brought the plates to Nauvoo. The Quincy, Illinois, certificate printed in the *Times and Seasons* article said, "The above described plates we have handed to Mr. Sharp [a Latter-day Saint present at the excavation] for the purpose of taking them to Nauvoo." However, Wilbur Fugate wrote in his 1879 letter: "The Mormons wanted to take the plates to Joe Smith, but we refused to let them go. Some time afterward a man assuming the name of Savage, of Quincy, borrowed the plates of Wiley to show to his literary friends there, and took them to Joe Smith. The same identical plates were returned to Wiley."

Charlotte Haven, a somewhat antagonistic non-Mormon who was visiting her sister (a Mormon) in Nauvoo at the time, wrote a letter on May 2 that gives the following account:

"We hear very frequently

from our Quincy friends through Mr. Joshua Moore, who passes through that place and this in his monthly zigzag tours through the State, traveling horseback. His last call on us was last Saturday [April 29] and he brought with him half a dozen thin pieces of brass, apparently very old, in the form of a bell about five or six inches long. They had on them scratches that looked like writing, and strange figures like symbolic characters. They were recently found, he said, in a mound a few miles below Quincy. When he showed them to Joseph, the latter said that the figures or writing on them was similar to that in which the Book of Mormon was written, and if Mr. Moore could leave them, he thought that by the help of revelation he would be able to translate them."¹²

It is possible, then, that Mr. Joshua Moore was the one who obtained the plates by pretense and brought them to Nauvoo. In any event, the plates had apparently arrived in Nauvoo by Saturday, April 29, and had been shown to Joseph Smith.

William Clayton evidently had access to the plates at some point, for in his journal entry of

Monday, May 1, he included a tracing of one of the plates.

(Whether or not he was present when Joseph Smith saw the plates is unknown.) Two days later, on Wednesday, Brigham Young also drew an outline of one of the Kinderhook plates in a small notebook/diary that he kept. Inside the drawing he wrote: "May 3- 1843. I had this at Joseph Smith's house. Found near Quincy."¹³

Very soon afterward the plates were removed from Nauvoo, for the *Times and Seasons* editorial, which was written perhaps on Wednesday or Thursday (May 3 or 4), said: "Mr. Smith has had those plates, what his opinion concerning them is, we have not yet ascertained. The gentleman that owns them has taken them away, or we should have given a fac simile of the plates and characters in this number. We are informed however, that he purposes returning with them for translation; if so, we may be able yet to furnish our readers with it."

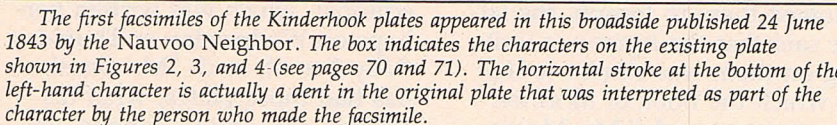
The plates were apparently in Nauvoo, then, from Saturday the 29th through Wednesday the 3rd—a period of five days—and were then taken away. Later,

[illegible]

In the place where these plates were deposited, were also found human bones, in the last stage of decomposition—also some brass, which was at first supposed to be human hair, but on a closer examination proved to be brass. It was also remarked that it would go to prove the authenticity of the Book of Mormon—which it undoubtedly will.

On each side of the Mound in which this discovery was made, was a Mound, on one of which is a tree growing that measures two feet and a half in diameter, near the ground—showing the great antiquity of the Mounds, and of course all that is buried within them. These Mounds, like others that are found scattered all over the country, are composed of the bones of men and women, and of the bones of animals.

The plates above alluded to, were exhibited in this city last Monday, and are now, we understand, in Nassau, subject to the inspection of the Memorial Prophet. The public curiosity is greatly excited, and it is said that should the hieroglyphics on the plates, be well do more towards throwing light on the early



actually returned on that day—indeed, whether Joseph Smith himself ever had the plates again—is uncertain.

In any case, the translation which hope had been expressed in the *Times and Seasons* did not appear. In a letter dated April 8, 1878, Wilbur Fugate recalled: “We understood Jo Smith said [the plates] would make a book 1200 pages but he would not agree to translate them until the

Just when the plates were taken from Nauvoo for the second and perhaps final time is uncertain. But we know that by fall of that same year they were back in Robert Wiley's possession, for on November 15 he wrote a letter to one J. J. Harding suggesting that he was interested in selling the plates to "the National Institute," and that he was also interested in the "opinions of your different Antiquarian friends." In reference to having the plates examined by "the Antiquarian society at Philadelphia, France, and England," Wilbur Fugate went on to say:

“They were sent and the answer was that there were no such Hieroglyphics known, and if there ever had been, they had long since passed away. Then Smith began his translation.” (The reference to Joseph Smith having begun a “translation” of the plates is in error, since they were never returned to Nauvoo. The Prophet died a martyr the following year.)

However, the question of *when* the plates were taken from Nauvoo is not as important as the fact that they *were* taken away. In spite of the considerable excitement they generated in

Nauvoo after their "discovery," the plates were allowed to leave the Saints, apparently without fanfare. No known record exists which intimates that Joseph Smith or those around him ever purchased or attempted to purchase the plates (as were the mummies associated with the Book of Abraham papyrus), even though their owner, Wiley, was prepared to sell them.

That the plates had aroused interest in Nauvoo is evident from two accounts that were not published until years later. In a letter written to a friend on Sunday, May 7, Parley P. Pratt said: "A large number of Citizens have seen them and compared the characters with those on the Egyptian papyrus which is now in this city." A few lines previously, he had begun his comment on the plates as follows:

"Six plates having the appearance of Brass have lately been dug out of a mound by a gentleman in Pike Co. Illinois. They are small and filled with engravings in Egyptian language and contain the genealogy of one of the ancient Jaredites back to Ham the son of Noah. His bones were found in the same vase (made of Cement). Part of the bones were 15 ft. underground."¹⁶

This calls to mind the statement from the William Clayton journal referred to above:

"I have seen six brass plates which were found in Adams County by some persons who were digging in a mound. They found a skeleton about six feet from the surface of the earth which was nine feet high. . . . President J. has translated a portion and says they contain the history of the person with whom they were found, and he was a descendant of Ham through the loins of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and that he received his kingdom from the Ruler of heaven and earth."

It seems, then, that there was considerable talk about the plates

in Nauvoo—and apparently as much misinformation and hearsay was current among people as there was fact. Pratt heard of a discovery in Pike County; Clayton said Adams County. Clayton said that the find was made six feet underground; Pratt, fifteen. Elder Pratt spoke of a cement vase—an item mentioned in no other account. Clayton mentioned a skeleton nine feet tall—also unmentioned in any other account. Clayton said that the plates gave a history of an Egyptian; Pratt mentioned a Jaredite.

The elements that these two accounts have in common suggest a basic gist to the hearsay stories circulating in Nauvoo and also that Joseph Smith with others saw and wondered about the nature of the material that had been brought to Nauvoo. But there is, obviously, leagues of difference between an actual translation of sacred records and a consideration of artifacts of uncertain origin—the former requiring study, prayer, and revelation; the latter characterized perhaps by an examination for points of similarity, etc., in a setting where various suggestions are likely aired by those present and elaborated on as discussion continued. And the actual presence of William Clayton or Parley P. Pratt in any discussion on the topic with Joseph Smith is simply unknown.

It is hard to imagine that the Prophet Joseph Smith wouldn't have been intrigued by the plates. When they were first shown to him, he may well have noted certain correspondence between some characters on the plates and "reformed Egyptian" and contemplated the possibility of authenticity and translation, as the Charlotte Haven letter suggests.¹⁷ But how much of the conjecture that was current in Nauvoo at the time might be attributable to him would be a speculation in itself, impossible to verify from the available ac-

counts. The one account that *was* published in the *Times and Seasons*, whose editors were equally as intimate with Joseph Smith as William Clayton and Parley P. Pratt, could only report that "Mr. Smith has had those plates, what his opinion concerning them is we have not yet ascertained."

The central issue in the whole question of Joseph Smith's involvement in the Kinderhook plate episode is that the expected "translation" did not appear. And this fact may well explain the characteristic that has made this hoax most interesting—that it was never carried to completion. That the Kinderhook plates were not authentic artifacts is no longer in doubt; but if the plates were faked, why wasn't the hoax revealed right away?

It has been suggested that the whole Kinderhook plate incident was, as Wilbur Fugate said in his 1878 and 1879 letters, a heavy-handed, frontier-style "joke." On the other hand, the conspirators' objective might have been more pointed—to produce a bogus set of plates and then reveal the hoax in a shower of ridicule *after* the Prophet made a purported "translation." In either case, they were frustrated in their scheme because no translation ever appeared. In fact, there is no evidence that Joseph Smith ever concluded the plates were genuine, other than conflicting statements from members who hoped that a translation would come forth—and in fact no evidence that the Prophet manifested real interest in the "discovery" after his initial viewing of the plates. The statement taken from William Clayton's journal didn't appear until September 1856 in Salt Lake City's *Deseret News*. At that point, time itself had eroded away the opportunity for a hearty joke, if that were the hoaxers' intent; and the absence of an actual translation in spite of the Clayton entry in the "History of Joseph Smith" could only have added to their

frustrations—assuming that the hoaxers even knew of the *Deseret News* account, which appeared thirteen years later and a thousand miles away.

Another possible explanation for the hoax never having been carried through may lie in Robert Wiley's desire to sell the plates as genuine artifacts. For him to have exposed the hoax before the attempted sale would, of course, have scuttled any negotiations; and to expose it afterward may have landed the sellers and conspirators in jail for attempted fraud—turning the tables and making *them* the object of ridicule instead of Joseph Smith.

Significantly, there is no evidence that the Prophet Joseph Smith ever took up the matter with the Lord, as he did when working with the Book of Mormon and the Book of Abraham. And this brings us to the other side of the story, for those of us who believe that Joseph Smith *was* the Lord's prophet: Isn't it natural to expect that he would be guided to understand that these plates were not of value as far as his mission was concerned? That other members may have been less judicious and not guided in the same way cannot be laid at the Prophet's feet. Many people, now as well as then, have an appetite for hearsay and a hope for "easy evidence" to bolster or even substitute for personal spirituality and hard-won faith that comes from close familiarity with truth and communion with God.

So it is that in the 100-year battle of straw men and straw arguments, Joseph Smith needs no defense—he simply did not fall for the scheme. And with that understood, it is perhaps time that the Kinderhook plates be retired to the limbo of other famous faked antiquities. □

Stanley B. Kimball, professor of history at Southern Illinois University, is a high counselor in the St. Louis Missouri Stake.

REFERENCES

1. "Ancient Records," *Times and Seasons*, 1 May 1843, pp. 185-87. The *Times and Seasons* was published twice monthly, dated on the first and fifteenth of the month, no matter what the date of its actual release. This issue, dated Monday, May 1, picked up a story from the *Quincy Whig* that was published on Wednesday, May 3. Obviously it couldn't have been published before the *Whig* story appeared, and in fact the editorial subhead above the story on "Ancient Records" reads "CITY OF NAUVOO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1843." So the *Times and Seasons* issue in question was printed no earlier than Wednesday, May 3, and possibly a day or so later.
2. The full title is *A Brief Account of the Discovery of the Brass Plates Recently Taken from a Mound in the Vicinity of Kinderhook, Pike County, Illinois*. Available in the Library-Archives, the Historical Department, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah (hereafter referred to as Church Archives).
3. The journal referred to is in private possession. Dr. James B. Allen of Brigham Young University used it by permission in connection with his research on William Clayton, and I wish to thank him for sharing this citation with me. Other volumes of William Clayton's journals for other time periods have appeared in print—see, e.g., James B. Allen and Thomas G. Alexander, eds., *Manchester Mormons: The Journal of William Clayton, 1840 to 1842* (Santa Barbara and Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith, 1974); William Clayton, *William Clayton's Journal: A Daily Record of the 1846 Journey of the Original Company of "Mormon" Pioneers from Nauvoo, Illinois, to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake* (Salt Lake City: Clayton Family Association, 1921).
4. *History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, 7 vols. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1932-51), 5:372-79. Formerly widely known as the *Documentary History of the Church*.
5. Printed in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, 5 (July 1912), pp. 271-73.
6. Wilbur Fugate, Mound Station, Illinois, 30 June 1879 letter to James T. Cobb, Salt Lake City, as quoted in Wilhelm W. Wyl (Wymetal), *Mormon Portraits* (Salt Lake City, 1888), pp. 207-8.
7. It would take a separate article to present all the information available on J. N. McDowell, his medical college, his museums, the sack of his museums, and the partial reorganization of his collections after the Civil War by the Academy of Science in St. Louis.
8. For a copy of the affidavit, see Welby W. Ricks, "The Kinderhook Plates," *Improvement Era*, Sept. 1962, p. 636.
9. This excellent and detailed "Kinderhook Plate Report" is on file in the Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University. Other members of the committee were Richard Anderson, William Dibble, Max Weaver, Sam Rushforth, Ronald Jackson, Reed Durham, Larry Pope, Welby Ricks, and Dean Jessee.
10. One other topic that deserves mention is the matter of the size of the Chicago plate in comparison with a description given shortly after the plates' "discovery." Said the *Quincy Whig* article of 3 May 1843 (reprinted in the *Times and Seasons* article and in the *Nauvoo Neighbor* press broadside of June 24): "A Mr. J. Roberts, from Pike county, called upon us last Monday, with a written description of a discovery which was recently made near Kinderhook, in that county." The article went on to describe the discovery, adding: "There were six plates—four inches in length, one inch and three quarters wide at the top, and two inches and three quarters wide at the bottom, flaring out to points." Just what J. Roberts may have had to do with the discovery is unknown (his name appears nowhere else in connection with it), but the figures he gave the *Whig* appear to be estimates only. For in contrast to those estimates, which come to us second-hand, the tracings in the Clayton and Brigham Young journals, as well as the broadside facsimiles, all match the Chicago plate in size.
11. See note 1, above.
12. Charlotte Haven, "A Girl's Letters from Nauvoo," *The Overland Monthly*, 16 (Dec. 1890), p. 630. This letter is dated: "City of Nauvoo, May 2, 1843."
13. Brigham Young papers, Church Archives. I wish to thank Dean C. Jessee of the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute of Church History, Brigham Young University, for calling this item to my attention.
14. *History of the Church*, 5:384.
15. See *History of the Church*, 5:384ff.
16. The original of this letter is in the John Van Cott correspondence, Church Archives.
17. It would also take a separate article to discuss the amazing array of theories that have been put forward to explain the source or nature of the characters on the Kinderhook plates. It has been suggested at various times that they came from a Chinese tea chest, from a piece of Chinese jade jewelry, from the Lo Lo script of Yunnan, China, from Egyptian hieroglyphics, and from scripts originating in Crete, Cyprus, Sinai, Canaan, Byblos, Phoenicia, and elsewhere, including the Anthon transcript (a theory that must be discounted because no published version of the Anthon transcript was available at that time). Some have suggested that the characters derived from nothing but a lively imagination. The arrangement of the characters and the paucity of repeated signs and sign clusters does not suggest any real language.

Japanese Saints Celebrate Eightieth Anniversary

By Tim Nakamura
Japan-Korea Public Communications

In 1901, Elder Heber J. Grant of the Quorum of the Twelve arrived in Japan from Utah with three companions and a commission to begin missionary work in that country.

Now, eighty years later, Japan has a temple, dozens of fully organized wards, and thousands of members. In 1980, some 10,500 converts were baptized, a 200 percent increase over 1979. Approximately 1,300 missionaries are laboring in Japan, and 1,018 converts were baptized in the Tokyo south mission alone in March 1981.

And the Japanese Saints are celebrating with a year of sports activities, leadership seminars, and special conferences—but especially sports. A ski meet, a marathon, a martial arts championship, and a pingpong tournament have already taken place with other, more spiritual events, scheduled through November.

The Japanese have a passionate interest in sports, and by having a variety of sports events hosted by different regions, members can pick favorite sports and meet others who share the same interest.

The year's festivities began with a "White Conference," a February ski meeting sponsored by the Nagoya Region in the central part of Japan, near Okuhida,

about three hours from Nagoya and five from Tokyo and Osaka. About a hundred members attended, accompanied by investigators. Participants learned how to ski, if they were first-timers, from qualified instructors, danced, and had *apres-ski* seminars and discussions.

The Mormon Marathon, sponsored by Fukuoka Stake on March 21, drew about four hundred runners. The location, participants agreed, was "ideal"—Shikanoshima Island in Fukuoka. This event, a countrywide championship, drew runners from Hokkaido, Takasaki, Tokyo, Okayama, Nagoya, Osaka, Kyushu, and Okinawa. Leaders plan to make it an annual event.

A week later, the kendo ("way of the sword") martial arts champions squared off in Hiroshima with twenty-seven men and five women competing from Hiroshima, Osaka, Fukuoka, Nagoya, Machida, and Tokyo. Judges were Atsuo Horikawa and Hiroshi Muraoka, high-ranking black belt holders. (Approximately a hundred members of the Church in Japan are black-

belt holders of various degrees.) This championship competition will also continue in the future.

May's pingpong tournament in Nagoya drew about 120 participants from Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, Hiroshima, and Fukuoka regions.

April's event was a "Scarlet Fair" sponsored by Osaka Region which brought young singles from Osaka, Kyoto, Nagoya, and Hiroshima together for dance and seminar programs. This three-day event was designed to let young Latter-day Saints meet each other for serious discussions about the importance of temple marriage. Each region in the area will follow up with August summer conferences for their single adults for three days of sports, seminars, and discussions on subjects such as missionary calls and temple marriage.

Another important regional event is Eightieth Anniversary Training seminars held on successive days in Sendai, Sapporo, Nagoya, Tokyo, Okinawa, Fukuoka, Hiroshima, and Osaka under the direction of Elder Yoshihiko Kikuchi of the First

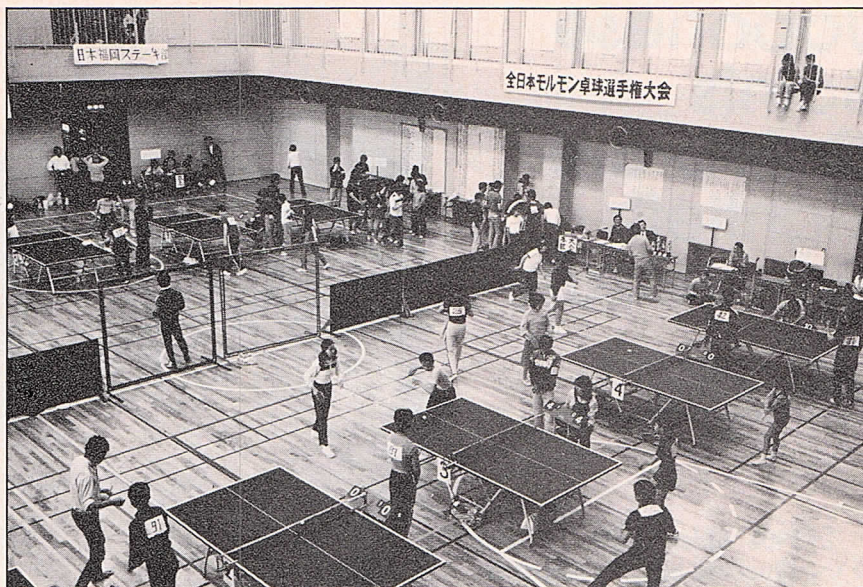


A March event was the second annual Mormon Marathon, held in lovely Shikajima Park.

Quorum of the Seventy and Executive Administrator for Japan and Korea. A few general officers have been invited for the instructional sessions.

This leadership conference culminates on September 1 with a commemoration of the original dedication of the land of Japan for the teaching of the gospel, a spiritual highlight that the entire membership is awaiting.

Two subsequent events will round out the year's festivities—an October Music Fair in Osaka, in which each regional choir and popular music group will meet to compete nation-wide for top honors, and a November speech contest in Tokyo, open to any age in either Japanese or English. □



Approximately 120 pingpong enthusiasts arrived in Nagoya in May for the All-Japan LDS Pingpong Championship.

Japan Eighty Years Ago

Eighteen-year-old Alma Taylor was among the first missionaries to arrive in Japan in 1901, a mission that lasted nine years, including five years as mission president. The party left Salt Lake City on July 24, and Alma noted in his journal: "We were indeed going pioneering on pioneer day." They sailed from Portland, Oregon, to Yokohama. Tickets cost \$100.

News of their arrival had preceded them, and they found it difficult to find lodgings or obtain any information from the religious ministers who were already proselyting in Japan. Reading the English newspapers, largely printed for the foreign communities in Japan, Alma noticed "severe and slanderous" articles about Mormonism but optimistically noted that "we are getting advertized freely."

On Christmas, which the missionaries celebrated together with

presents from home, he wrote in his journal, "I hope that by the next Christmas that I will have received from my Heavenly Father that gift which I so much long for, namely, the knowledge of this language so that I may preach the Gospel of the man whose birth these days commemorate."

Elder Taylor was an interested and appreciative observer of Japanese customs and left lively descriptions of his first rickshaw ride, his first Japanese bath, a typical New Year's Day celebration, and his chagrin at inadvertently attracting marriage proposals from young women.

The first baptism was 8 March 1902 of a former Shinto priest, Hajime Nakazawa, on the beach at Tokyo. "This was the first baptism [Elder Heber J.] Grant had ever performed in the mission field, consequently his joy was all the greater." A second baptism of Brother Kikuchi (his relationship to Elder Kikuchi, if any, is unknown) followed on March 10. The first all-member gathering was sacrament meeting on April 13, followed by the first cottage

meeting in the Orient on April 20.

In July, Elder Taylor was assigned to translate the Book of Mormon. He confided to his journal, "While my heart throbs with gratitude unspeakable for the honor conferred upon me, yet everytime I contemplate the magnitude and importance of the work before me and the responsibility it places upon me, I fear and tremble from head to foot and sense a weakness such as I have never before known." He took courage from a powerful blessing that set him apart, and labored faithfully on the project for almost five years until it was finished.

Despite Elder Taylor's cheerful optimism and loving work, the progress of the gospel in Japan was not smooth. Between 1901 and 1924, when President Heber J. Grant closed the Japan Mission due to international conditions, there were seven mission presidents, eighty-eight missionaries, and only 166 baptisms.

The interruption in missionary work lasted until 1948, after World War II, although some

Latter-day Saint soldiers in the army of Occupation between 1945 and 1948 had begun unofficial proselyting and had organized meetings and Sunday School classes in several cities.

Japanese members now regard their bumpy beginnings with affection as a "difficult seed time," appreciative for the devotion of the few members who were baptized despite cultural and linguistic obstacles and who remained faithful despite decades of isolation. The work of each new generation of missionaries has cultivated "increasingly fertile soil," and the current success of the Church is due to the combined efforts of diligent missionaries and equally diligent members. □

Policies and Announcements

The following items were printed in the Bulletin, June 1981.

Family Home Evening. The First Presidency frequently emphasizes the importance of weekly family home evenings as a prime opportunity for parents to teach and strengthen their families. In addition to family gospel study on Sundays, Monday nights are reserved for family home evening, which may include instruction in gospel principles, expressions of love, activities to promote harmony, and other family activities. The family home evening manual should be available to every family. □

Binder for Young Women Mementos. A scrapbook binder is available to help young women keep personal journals. The binder, which a girl could use for the mementos of her teen years, could be given to her when she enters the Young Women at age twelve.

You may order the Treasures of Truth binder (PXYW0103, \$2.35) and the Treasures of Truth filler (PXYW0114, \$.90) from the Salt Lake City Distribution Center, 1999 W. 1700 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104. □

Dedication of Jordan River Temple Scheduled

The First Presidency has announced a schedule of events leading to the dedication of the Jordan River Temple in Salt Lake Valley.

15 August 1981, 10 A.M. Cornerstone service and placement of the Angel Moroni statue.

September 28. News media preview and tours for specially invited guests.

September 29 to October 31 (except during general conference, October 3 and 4). Open house for the general public daily from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

November 16 to 20. Dedication services. On Monday, November 16, only one service will be held, at 9:30 A.M. On the other four days, additional services will be held at 1 P.M. and 4 P.M. □



Photography by Eldon K. Linschoten

Primary Answers "Most Popular Questions"

Changes in the Primary program because of the consolidated meeting schedule and the change in the curriculum year to January have produced a torrent of questions. Here are four of the most popular questions with clarifying answers.

QUESTION: Some of our teachers want to leave Primary during opening exercises and sharing time to attend other auxiliary meetings. What ideas can we share with them to help them understand why they need to stay with their classes for the entire period?

PRIMARY: There are several reasons for staying with the class, and the first is the security it provides for the children. Young children especially may be frightened at leaving their parents. When the teacher leaves too, they may become very upset. A second reason is that the teacher, by staying, communicates to her children that nothing is more important than being with them.

Furthermore, sharing time and opening exercises are times to reinforce gospel principles taught in class, just as class is a time to reinforce the principles taught during opening exercises. This gives the children's total Primary experience an important element of unity.

We also think it's important for the teacher to see the children under a variety of situations, thus learning more about their needs.

Some teachers feel that their need for spiritual growth cannot be met in Primary. We testify that actively studying the gospel in preparation for teaching it, and then putting those principles into action can lead to spiritual growth.

QUESTION: Why should the eleven-year-old Scouts meet separately from the twelve- and thirteen-year-old Scouts?

PRIMARY: Because they're not deacons and cannot participate in quorum activities. Until they are twelve, they are the Primary's stewardship. It doesn't matter if a patrol of eleven-year-old Scouts is small. The individual attention gives each boy a better chance to learn skills, attitudes, and ideals; and he has more leadership opportunities.

Some of the older troop's daytime activities might be appropriate for the younger boys. In those cases they could be included. Also, if distances are a problem, the meeting place could be rotated among the boys, the leader, and the meetinghouse.

QUESTION: Why do the ten- and eleven-year-old children need weekday activities twice a month?

PRIMARY: They need chances to live gospel principles they have learned on Sunday, opportunities to expand their talents and interests under Church leadership, and the strengthened relationship between teacher and child that comes from additional contacts. These weekday activities are also valuable opportunities to fellowship inactive and nonmember boys and girls.

QUESTION: How can ward Primary leaders use the ward activities committee to help with the all-Primary quarterly activity days?

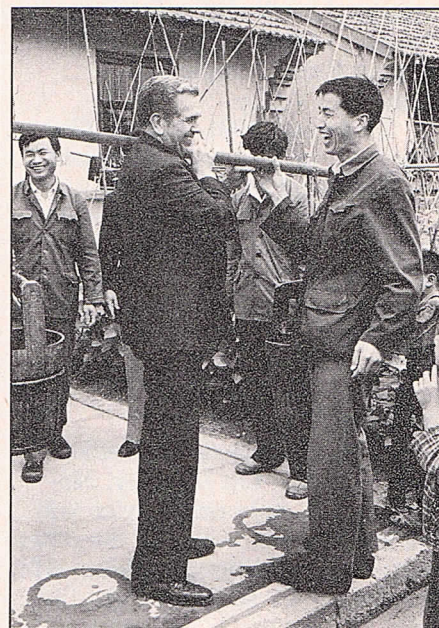
PRIMARY: The ward Primary presidency organizes and supervises these activity days with the assistance of the ward Primary board, involving children in the

planning and preparations wherever possible. The activities committee can assist when it is necessary. For example, if the activity were a dance festival, the activities committee could provide a specialist to teach the dances to the children for the festival. □

BYU Group Performs Worldwide

Within the past season, BYU's Modern Dance Team has toured the southern United States and Puerto Rico. The Ballroom Dance Team has come back from England. One group of Young Ambassadors visited Scandinavia and a second toured Romania, the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia. And the BYU Folk Dancers received enormous coverage in

Elder Boyd K. Packer of the Quorum of the Twelve hefts a water yoke at a farming commune near Canton during a recent tour of BYU folk dancers in China.



NEWS OF THE CHURCH

their five-city tour of the People's Republic of China, not only performing for large audiences but being televised for an estimated 150 million people.

The Folk Dancers were accompanied by BYU President Jeffrey Holland and Elder Boyd K. Packer and their wives. According to Susan Hall of the *BYU Daily Universe*, Chinese officials "repeatedly told us that in the length and breadth of China, BYU is the most famous university."

Three BYU groups have toured that nation and several groups of Chinese government officials have visited BYU campus. President Holland commented that the performers and accompanying officials were "very open about the Church's sponsorship of the university."

The six week tour was sponsored in China by the All-China Youth Federation, a government organization. The dancers also performed in Hawaii, Hong Kong, and Taiwan. Even before the tour was finished, officials from the People's Republic of China invited BYU to send "another performing group to their country next year," according to tour director Bruce L. Olsen.

The Modern Dance Team, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts, taught classes, workshops, and gave concerts throughout a tour that included Texas, Louisiana, and a two-week stay in Miami. They also performed at the University of Puerto Rico in Mayaguez.

The Ballroom Dance Team went to Blackpool, England, to compete in the world's most prestigious ballroom dance competition. They placed first in both modern dance and Latin American categories, the third time that American teams have garnered such honors in the past fifty-six years. Lee Wakefield, director of BYU's Ballroom Dance Team, had

directed the two California teams that had previously won the awards. He and his wife placed second as a couples team. The dancers also performed for thousands of Latter-day Saints between London and Blackpool as part of the tour.

One group of Young Am-

ademic vice president, and former BYU basketball star Kresimir Cosic of Yugoslavia.

BYU's Folk Dancers also toured the Orient for a month in June and July, performing in Korea, the Philippines, Japan, and Hawaii. In addition to twenty-four folk dancers, the



BYU folk dancers and members of their audience greet each other during a recent tour in China.

bassadors toured Scandinavia for five and a half weeks. The tour included Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, Helsinki, and Reykjavik, the first time the Young Ambassadors had gone to Iceland. The group also performed on Finnish National Television, visited hospitals, and took its show to factories and schools.

The second group toured Romania, the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia for five weeks. They were accompanied by Elder and Sister Gordon B. Hinckley, with Jae R. Ballif, BYU provost and ac-

troupe also included two Indian dancers and a five-piece western band. For the first time, the dancers performed in USO shows in Korea; they also performed five times in Manila's largest auditorium under the personal sponsorship of Imelda Marcos, first lady of the Philippines, and represented the United States at "Portopia 81," an event similar to a world's fair in Kobe, Japan. In each show, they included a folk dance from the country in which they were performing. □

LDS Scene

President Kimball recently returned from Chile where he broke ground for the temple in Santiago. He was accompanied by Elder Robert E. Wells of the First Quorum of the Seventy, Elder W. Grant Bangerter, also of the First Quorum of the Seventy and executive administrator of the Chile area, Carlos A. Cifuentes, Chilean Regional Representative, and President Kimball's secretary, D. Arthur Haycock.

President Kimball and his party, including David M. Kennedy, special representative of the First Presidency, had earlier met with the president of Peru, Fernando Belaunde-Terry. While in Chile, the leaders met with Admiral Jose Toribio Merino Castro, senior member of the ruling junta and commander-in-chief of the Chilean Navy.

The University of Utah at its commencement exercises in June presented honorary doctor of humane letters degrees to President Spencer W. Kimball and his wife, Camilla Eyring Kimball.

Sister Belle Smith Spafford was honored in May by the National Council of Women, with whom she has been associated for over fifty years. At its regularly scheduled meeting in New York, the Council announced the establishment of the Belle S. Spafford Archival Fellowship at New York University. The fellowship is to help its recipient search out, protect, and make available archival records and materials relating to woman's work.

In a separate ceremony, the council president, Louise McLaughlin, presented a written

citation to Sister Spafford, former general president of the Relief Society, at the eighteenth annual Woman of Conscience meeting, honoring her as "a leader, teacher, humanitarian" for her "pioneer-to-present work on behalf of women."

The first full-time missionary from the country of Sri Lanka has been called. Elder Minto Rasiah will serve in the Phillippines where there is a sizeable community of Sri Lankans.

James B. Conkling, a member of the Church from Sherman Oaks, California, has been named director of Voice of America by President Ronald Reagan, an appointment that requires Senate confirmation. The Voice of America broadcasts news, commentaries, discussions, drama, and music to a worldwide audience in English and thirty-five other languages over more than a hundred transmitters.

The Pittsburgh Pirates sponsored its third annual "Mormon Family Day" recently. Among the events were the presentation of an inscribed silver tray to Brother Vernon Law, a team member for seventeen years; a family genealogy presented by Elder Paul H. Dunn of the First Quorum of the Seventy to Pirate manager Chuck Tanner.

Columbia space shuttle astronauts John Young and Robert Crippen were honored in May at a special program in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. The program featured several musical numbers by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and a large-screen film presentation of the space shuttle, with live narration by the two astronauts.

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West Face of Mt. Timpanogos, by Al Rounds.



Front Cover: Elder Kenneth and Sister Ronda A. Koch of Sandy, Utah, enjoy their mission in Saint Augustine, Florida.

Back cover: *top*, Elder Frank C. Beal, Jr., and his wife, Vivian, of Santa Monica, California, find visual aids appealing to seminary students in Piapot Branch, Fort Qu'Appelle Saskatchewan District. *Lower left*, Elder J. Gerald and Sister Lisbeth G. Snow of Lethbridge, Alberta, temple officiators serving in the Washington Temple. *Lower right*, Elder Glen and Sister Fern H. Murdock of West Jordan, Utah, stroll home from church on a rainy Sunday in their Kentucky Louisville Mission.

